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THE Council of the Manchester Literary Club is making an appeal to the members on behalf of the well-known author Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, who is sixty-five years of age, and, we regret to say, in indifferent circumstances. A subscription list has been opened, which is headed by Mr. John Bright with a donation of 5*l.* It is proposed to purchase an annuity for Mrs. Banks.

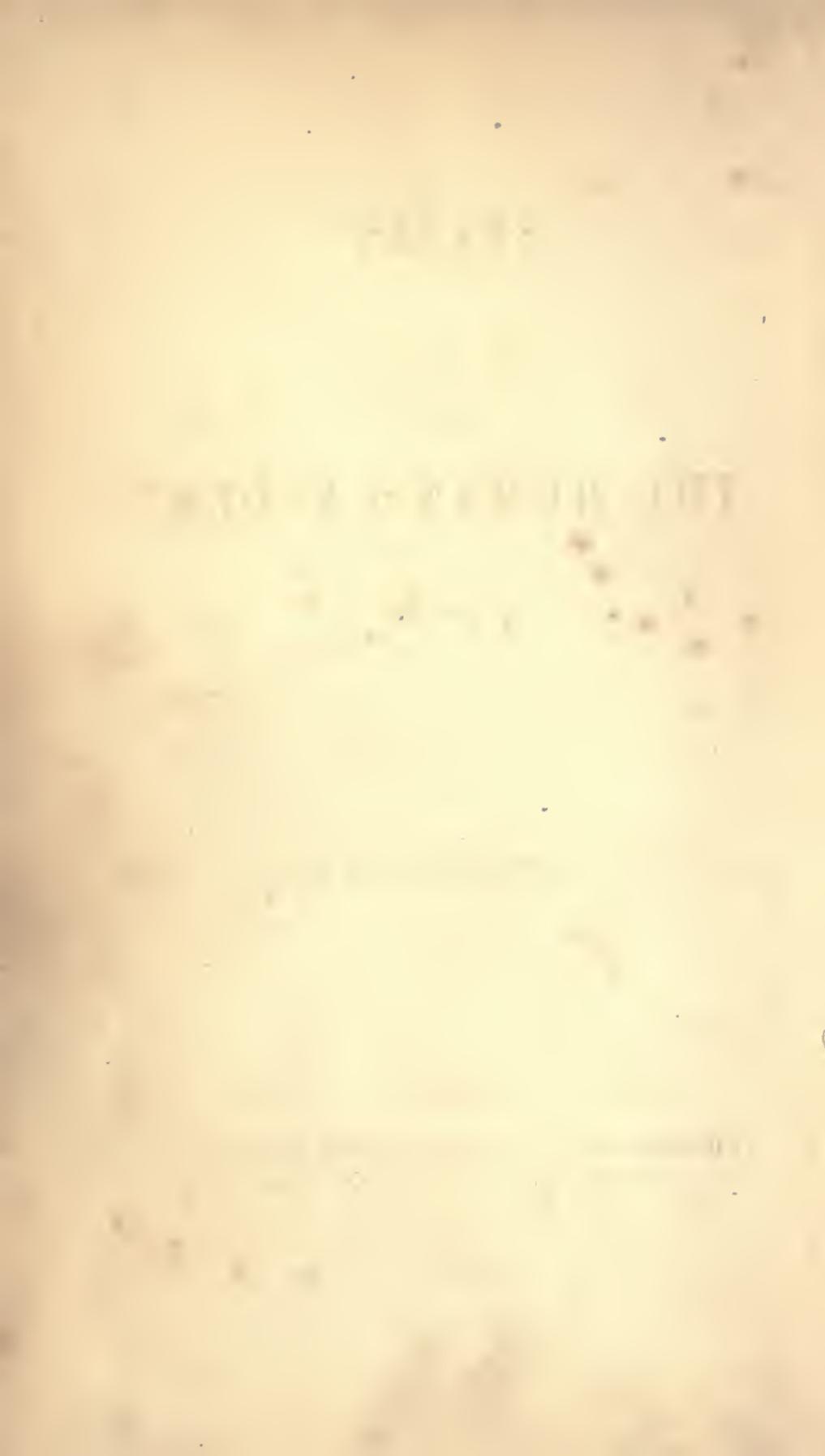


John Reed Appleton.

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STAVES

FOR

THE HUMAN LADDER:

ET CETERA.

BY

George
LINNÆUS BANKS.
= =

LONDON:

CHARLES GILPIN, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.
EDINBURGH: ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK.
DUBLIN: J. B. GILPIN.

1850.

PR
4057
B24
S8

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR CHARLES GILPIN,
BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

MY LORD,

THE world is too well acquainted with your genius and goodness of heart to need any mention of them here; and I am not vain enough to suppose that it can have any great curiosity to know more of the author of these "Staves," than may be gathered from a perusal of them. Therefore, I have only to express my own deep sense of personal obligation to your Lordship, in whom I have so noble a support for my "Ladder" of progress. Trusting your Lordship may never have a less sincere and ardent admirer than myself,

I have the honour to remain,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's obliged and obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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Staves for the Human Ladder.



DAY IS BREAKING.

DAY is breaking
On the mountain-tops of Time,
As they stand, head-bared and hoary,
Watching, from their heights sublime,
The new Morning upward climb
In its creative glory.

Day is breaking !
Like a firmament of light
Flushing far the heaving ocean ;
And the darkness of the Night
Melts before its gathering might,
Like a spectral thing in motion.

Day is breaking!
As when, in some noontide dream,
The soul goes forth exploring,
And the sun-lighted sky doth seem
The symbol of a purer beam,
Whose light on earth is pouring.

Day is breaking!
Like a host of angels sent
With some new revelation—
And the mourning nations bent,
Tiptoe wait the grand event—
The mind's emancipation.

Day is breaking,—
And like the melodies
Of vesper-hymning flowers,
When, closing up their twinkling eyes,
They breathe sweet incense to the skies—
Carol the new-born hours.

Day is breaking!
In the valleys, on the hills,
The earth is an infant swathed in brightness—
And the rivers and the rills
With a sparkling joy it fills,
As to lyric measures turns their rippling lightness.

Day is breaking!
And the matin of each bird—
A ray of morn, distilled in music—ringing
Through the welkin far is heard
Trilling, like the parting word
Of a lover, to his earthly idol clinging.

Day is breaking!
The flood-gates of the mind are opened wide,
And Light, in torrents rushing,
O'erpowers the gaze of pomp and pride,
Sweeps wrong and ignorance aside,
With its impetuous gushing.

Day is breaking!
And, from the grave of other years,
In new birth Man is waking,
Who, o'er the dust of death, uprears
His face, bedecked with smiles, not tears,
For mankind's Day is breaking.

Day is breaking!
And with a giant-conqu'ring shout,
Released from gloom and danger,
The spirit of true Man leaps out,
Beyond the paths of fear and doubt,
To Good no more a stranger.

Day is breaking !
In the dark unhealthy mine ;
Around the factory wheel and labourer's dwelling,
Bright hopes and great achievements shine,
Inspiring energy divine,
With which his breast, for purpose pure, is swelling.

Day is breaking !
And as the story of its advent flies,
In the mart, on 'change,
Sagacious men, with indications wise,
Tarry to fathom in each other's eyes
The import deep and strange.

Day is breaking !
A crimson rust feeds on the sword,
Devoured by blood of its own shedding ;
And, where the cannon thund'ring roared,
To nobler peace and self restored,
Man, by the Light of God, is treading.

Day is breaking,
As a vast earthquake, on the world,
Fraught with a mighty shaking :
Grim prejudice is downward hurled,
And truth's bright banner, wide unfurled,
Proclaims the "Day is breaking."

ONWARD!

ONWARD ! Onward ! is the watchword
For the soul in trial's hour,
When the chains of darkness bind us,
When the storms of sorrow lour.
Follow, follow up the future,
'Tis a mighty enterprise ;
Knowledge is the goal and glory,
Noblest they who will be wise.

Onward ! Onward ! ye who linger,
Faint and weary, by the way,
From the spirit's slumber waken,
Ere the raven lock turns grey.
Will enfeebled powers avail you,
Strife and conflict to endure ?
Onward ! Onward ! take fresh courage,
And the victor's palm is sure.

Onward ! Onward ! Time is swifter
Than the swiftest in life's race ;
He is near you,—with you,—past you,—
Who hath found his resting place ?
Onward ! Onward ! ever Onward !
Earth-born pilgrim, child of clay,
To Affection,—Virtue,—Honour,—
Knowledge prompts and guides the way.

HEADS MAY DIFFER—HEARTS AGREE.

THOUGH in matters of faith we can't always agree,
And kneel at one altar together,
Yet in friendship and love we united may be,
Or our faith else is not worth a feather—
Like the bee whose philosophy, truthful indeed,
Invites it each blossom to rifle,
Let us gather what's noble and good from each creed,
Nor with conscience and honesty trifle.

How much wiser and better the world might become,
Would partisans cease their contention,
If the censor would pause and the bigot be dumb,
Nor strengthen the weeds of dissension—
But love one another, as brothers and men—
In works of pure charity labour—
Be true to the faith of their sires—and again—
Respect the same right in their neighbour.

G L O R Y !

GLORY ! what *is* glory ?
Ask the crippled man and old,
Who, for a gaudy epaulette,
A score of years has sold :
Who, for his country's good and peace,
Has yielded up his own ;
That men might *talk* of victories,
Whose glory he has known.

Glory ! what is glory ?
Ask the widow, lean and pale,
Who doles out sorrow to a world
That will not heed her tale :
Who only knows of blessings lost,
And not of blessings won --
How much, for such a creature,
Has not this glory done !

Glory ! what is glory ?
Ask the wretched orphan child,
Who bears its trophy in his breast—
A spirit crushed—defiled—
What virtues pure had flourished there,
But for that glorious thing
Which unmakes subjects by the score,
To make a single king.

Glory ! what is glory ?
Let that beggared nation say,
Which, bankrupt both in purse and peace,
Has nothing left to pay :
Whose sinews, blood, and industry—
Whose wrongs—time cannot heal—
Were all required for glory,
To complete its monster meal.

Glory ! what is glory ?
Read the history of man,
Commencing with that early time
When history first began ;
How crime and murder, theft and hate,
Have travelled in its van,
To poison at the human core
The better part of man.

Glory ! what is glory ?
The robe of death and lust—
The chain that binds a nation's strength,
Or lays it in the dust—
The vulture, famine, torch, and plague,
To which nought comes amiss—
The mark of Cain, time-gilded o'er—
This—this is glory !—this !

LIVE AND LET LIVE, BROTHER !

THE light was made for all,
For all the air was given ;
Our common wants 'tis call
Down every gift from heaven—
From this, 'tis clear, a claim
We have upon each other,
Then let it be our aim
To live and let live, brother !

The hearts that have no creed,
But what self will be preaching,
Can never feel nor read
The truths of Nature's teaching ;
They want the faith of men
Who strive for one another ;
Our practice be it, then,
To live and let live, brother !

What value would life be
Were none with us to share it,
The smile of man to see,
Then wealth we'd gladly spare it—
From this world we should turn
To find, methinks, some other,
Or cleaving to life, learn
To live and let live, brother !

THE GREAT MISTAKE.

WELL, really ! I'm astonished quite,
And scarce know what to say,
To find that Sunday, after all,
Is still a working day :
That, spite of legislative acts,
And bigotry's brain-fever,
The world is going round to-day
As rapidly as ever.

I thought—except in organ-pipes—
The wind was not to blow,
And flowers were to be taken up,
If they presumed to grow ;
That every stomach, ship, and thing,
In any kind of motion,
Must stop for hours just twenty-four,
To offer its devotion.

I thought, too, nothing must be read,
Save psalms in holy walls,
Yet there are placards *posting* up,
Announcing “Sales” and “Balls;”
That men could neither send their thoughts,
Nor be allowed to carry ‘em ;
Nor Christian pastors take their fees
From folks—or even marry ‘em.

I thought if e’en the sun came out
It would be deemed a crime,
And that some plan had been devised
To bind the wings of Time ;
That every dial, watch, and clock,
With six days’ labour irking,
Would have to wind up its affairs
And stop its hands from working.

All *mail* deliveries were to stop,
Yet there is Mrs. Binns—
Ungodly woman !—just confined
With—would you think it ?—twins ;
And Vicar Dobbs, to whom ’twas thought
A day’s respite was given,
This very morning made his will
And went, I hope, to heaven.

There goes the Doctor in his gig—
And there is Chemist Brown
As hard at work as if he meant
To knock his counter down ;
Yea, even while the parish church
With pious souls is filling,
A fellow bawling—“ mackarel ! ”—
Sells two *soles* for a shilling.

I thought all labour was to cease,
Yet poor old Mr. Crupp,
The Bishop’s carriage can’t knock down,
But some one picks him up ;
And just because the church takes fire,
The zealous congregation
Rush out for engines, pipes, and pails,
To stop the conflagration.

I thought that Jane, my lady’s cook,
And John, the butler, too,
Would be compelled to go to church,
As other Christians do ;
And that, however odd it seem,
Each ostler, footman, baker,
Relieved from toil, would leisure have
To worship God, his Maker.

And Sunday trains still running,—well !
They'll sure fly off the rails,
Conveying pleasure-seekers, when
They dare not take the *mails*.
There really must be some mistake—
'Tis Saturday or Monday,
For we are holy people now—
That is—upon a Sunday.

We dare not dream of labouring
Upon the seventh day—
Of riding out, or doing aught
That savours of display.
No children, servants, cattle now
Are Sabbath-breaking sinners,
And what is more, we've given up
Our nice hot Sunday dinners.

Alas ! methinks I've been deceived,
And so have half the town ;
It merely is the “Sunday Post”
The wise heads have put down—
As if, by making it a sin
To send an urgent letter,
They did the smallest good on earth,
Or made one bad heart better !

HONEST JOHN.

A simple man was honest John,
And homely, too, to look upon ;
Nor pride of station, nor of birth
Contributed to form his worth ;
His force of character he drew
From good he did, or sought to do :
He was not learned—was not wise,
He had no deep and searching eyes
To penetrate abstrusest things,
And fathom Nature's laws and springs ;
But he possessed that *better* sight,
A clear discernment of the *right*,
And all the joy he wished, he had,
In making others good and glad.

A simple man was honest John,
And homely, too, to look upon ;
So homely, that the vulgar eye
A thousand times had passed him by,

Unable—for the *plain* black coat
That buttoned round his honest throat—
To mark the sense and worth enshrined
Within the casket of the mind.
Yet, soothing thoughts and sympathies,
And precepts rare, and kind replies,
And cheering words, he had for all,
However great, however small—
Content, in doing what he could
For public or for private good.

A simple man was honest John,
And homely, too, to look upon ;
He never scorned the poorest friend,
Nor censured faults he could not mend ;
He never cared for pomp and show,
Nor answered “Yes,” when Truth said “No ;”
However crossed, ill used, or vexed,
Of *bad* he always made the best ;
While on his heart, as it would seem,
Were written with a warm sunbeam,
These words, in sweet simplicity—
“There is no grace like Charity :”—
Thus, acting out the golden plan,
He strove to be—he was—A MAN !

GET GOLD.

GET gold, for you can't do without it,
'Tis the strong bridge that carries man over,
And there is not a wise pate who'll doubt it,
 From John O'Groats straightway to Dover.
It is comfort, and honour, and riches,—
 For the rest, it is easily told,
As this is the world-law it teaches,—
 There can be little love without gold.

Get gold ! but be gen'rous while living,
 And do all the good that you can—
Help the poor, cheer the faint, be forgiving,
 And show you've the heart of a man.
For works of affection and duty,
 Despite the opinions men hold,
Have a value, a splendour, and beauty
 Far greater than silver and gold.

THE MISSION OF THE BARD.

FOR what does the true-born poet nurse
In his breast the quenchless flame,
That gives to the world immortal sparks,
And glorious makes his name ?
For what does he drain the well of truth,
Till his thirsty soul runs o'er,
And feels as a spirit heavenward borne
That can seek the earth no more ?

Is it to canker earth's love with ore
That is dug not from the mind,
And to make himself a living cheat
In the eyes of all mankind ?
Or is it to give to maiden's cheek
A tint from his magic brush,
That shall sully the brightness of her soul
With an unholy blush ?

Is it to sing of chivalrous days,
When the gallant knight was thrown,
And yielded his life to win a heart
He never could call his own ?
To tell how the vet'ran foeman bleeds,
When the earth grows red with shame
At the sight of death—the curses wreathed
With the phantom wreath of *Fame* ?

No ! not for these is the poet true,
A poor pilgrim bard below ;
But that the glorious seeds of Hope
In each breast his hand may sow—
That those who sorrow, and those who weep,
And carry the world's dark chain,
May become what our first parents were,
Ere the earth had known a stain.

THOU ART RICH, BUT ART THOU NOBLE?

THOU art rich, but art thou noble ?
Hast thou in thy soul enshrined
Aims majestic, thoughts immortal,
Born of the Eternal mind ?
Canst thou see in human nature,
Whether well or meanly clad,
Germs of goodness, seeds of glory,
That may make thy spirit glad ?

Thou art rich, but art thou gen'rous,
Pure and Saviour-like in tone,
Tender to the faults of others,
Not unmindful of thine own ?
Does no secret wrong or evil,
Fostered by the world's despite,
Check thy being's upward progress,
Intercept it in its flight ?

Thou art rich, but golden treasures
Little will thy soul avail,
If neglected life's great duties,
If the true and noble fail—
Coffers will but clog thy footsteps,
Press thy spirit to the sod,
If it lacks the grace and grandeur
Of a lowly child of God.

LET US ALL HELP ONE ANOTHER.

LET us all help one another,
And be true to Nature's creed ;
He who does not love a brother,
Is a worthless one indeed.
'Tis a law of heaven's teaching,
Stamped on human hearts at birth,
And worth all the empty preaching
Of the polished lips on earth.

Let us all help one another
In misfortune's wintry day,
And be kinder still as ever
Earth's best gifts are snatched away.
When bright fortune gilds the morrow,
Hollow hearts will fawn and cling,
But when comes the night of sorrow
Only true hearts comfort bring.

THE WORKMAN AND HIS WORK.

THERE were twenty-six
Black slender objects lay
Spread out before a toiling man,
Each like a cast-away—
Unlike, and yet of kin they were ;
Apart, yet side by side ;
Some round, some square, hump-backed and crossed—
Others with legs bestride.
But oh ! their power was wondrous great—
How great scarce any knew—
For, though a child might use it well,
No king could it subdue.

There were twenty-six,
And he who turned them o'er,
But laboured at a daily work
Oft laboured at before—

A *golden* recompence he sought,
For fortune had not shed
Her empty treasures round his heart,
Her honours round his head—
So toiled he on, the livelong day,
With weary touch and look ;
Until his task was done—and lo !
Behold it made a *Book*.

A Book—a mighty Book—
In which were glorious things ;
Bright words to warm the beggar's soul,
And pierce the hearts of kings ;
Truths, which like polished crystals shone,
And powerful made the weak—
That crimsoned deep with self-respect
The wretched outcast's cheek—
No grandeur, beauty, might, or good
Had traversed earth around,
But in that white yet crowded page
Its antetype was found.

It taught the pampered heir
Humility, not state ;
And Dives, too, to share his meal
With th' beggar at his gate ;

The tyrant to relax the chain
That brutalised the slave—
And furnished bright examples for
The virtuous and brave.
It preached the death of bloody wars—
It spoke, as can the Pen ;
And GOD, whose stamp it bore, looked down,
And closed it with AMEN.

The man of toil went home,
And sat beside his fire,
While little laughing children came
And kissed their welcome sire—
No pomp, no splendour, hoarded up
There, flashed upon his gaze ;
No cringing vassals, bowing down,
Extolled with sinful praise.
He was a poor, a working man,
Obscure, and meanly clad,
With many cares to vex his soul,
Nor much to make it glad.

The Book—*that* Book—went forth,
As with a potent spell,
Polities tottered at its voice,
And thrones before it fell—

The ocean bore its tidings on,
To farthest clime and shore ;
And scattered holy gifts around,
Where none had been before.
Where'er it went, the human mind
A glorious thing became—
The Indian and the African
Put on a God-like name.

Men—sceptics—soon stepped forth,
And, with unholy mirth,
Essayed to make that mighty Book
A scoff throughout the earth—
In library and cloistered cell,
With skill and zeal uprose,
Philosopher and saintly monk,
Its charmed leaves to close—
The sword and rack in turn were tried,
And every desp'rate plan,
But nothing could undo the work
Of that poor toiling man.

The workman died—unsung, unknown ;
But soon, by heaven's light,
His spirit gazed in glory down
Upon our mortal night—

A mighty change the Book had wrought ;
War, lust, and wrong, and pride
Had perished, and a better fruit
Was rip'ning far and wide—
Whose small seeds, scattered by his hand
Upon the human sod,
Should stock the upper Parádise
With flowers approved by God !

THE GOLDEN CALF.

THE world may scorn, and the world may laugh
At him who worships the Golden Calf ;
But he has a cure for the wildest jest,
Who has taken good care to " feather his nest ; "
Who has thought to himself—" a golden egg
Is better than having to borrow or beg ; "
For, say what you will, in life's sunniest day,
There is nothing like gold for the world's highway.

The world may jeer, and the world may laugh
At him who worships the Golden Calf ;
But is not a guinea, a note in store,
Better than having the wolf at the door ?
'Tis gold that brings honour, respect, and friends,
But want it, and quickly their friendship ends ;
For, say what you will, in life's stormiest day,
There is nothing like gold for the world's highway.

THINK THE BEST.

WHEN we look on the world and behold its temptations,
When we look on the worst and the wisest of men,
Let charity colour the heart's revelations,
And justice direct both the tongue and the pen.
We cannot know all that is locked up in others,
And the motives of men are oft misunderstood ;
Let us greet them, then, as we'd be greeted, like
brothers,
And pass o'er the evil for sake of the good.

If we shudder at guilt, and would fain have men better,
More spotless in soul and more noble in mind,
Let us look at the *spirit* and not at the *letter*
Of deeds, when to utter reproof we're inclined ;
Lest this should result, as the end of our labour,
(In the last hour of life on our peace to intrude,)
That in making the most of the faults of our neighbour,
We strengthen the bad at the cost of the good.

The worst in creation has some cherished feeling
That links him to all that is true and divine,
And the best will, at times, have a dark spirit kneeling
Amidst angel thoughts at the heart's solemn shrine.
Yet, believe me, if still there's a song that love singeth,
By the pure and the gentle in heart understood,
'Tis of man, when from wrong he his fellow man
bringeth,
By words of forbearance, of kindness, and good.

SEIZE TIME AS IT FLIETH.

SEIZE Time as it flieth, and use it,
Nor your arms on your breast idly fold,
And then, though you live to be ninety,
Yet in spirit you'll never grow old.
'Tis not years, man, that constitute wisdom,
Nor the morning of life alone Youth,
There be those who are children at sixty,
And boys who are old in the Truth.

Time is money, did man but employ it,
And a harvest of gold oft it yields,
While he who sits down, like a sluggard,
Finds but thistles and tares in his fields.
By the force of the mind, and its culture,
Is the age of man tested and tried—
So a Newton was older at fifty
Than Methuselah was when he died !

THE GREAT HIGH-ROAD.

THERE's a path stretched out before us,
Shall we tread its chequered way ?
Will the mists that o'er it hover,
As we progress, melt away ?
Why stand doubting or inquiring ?
Let us forward in our might,
And ascend that path of Duty—
Mount the great high-road of Right.

Some may scoff at our endeavour,
And look down with scornful face,
As, with every nerve in motion,
We press past them in the race.
Shall their puny efforts shake us,
When a moment but in sight,
And the next are left behind us
In the great high-road of Right ?

What though cares and conflicts wait us,
E'en at every step we take ;
If the right path we are taking,
Let's endure them for its sake.
There remains this consolation,
Stronger than the world's despite,
That the sky will one day brighten,
If we keep the path of Right.

Prejudice, deceit, and anger,
To ingratitude allied,
May, with foul insinuations,
Try to tempt our steps aside—
Shall we heed their machinations,
And sit down in hopeless plight,
When a thousand voices urge us
Still to keep the path of Right ?

Though our lot in life be humble—
Though nor wealth nor grandeur wait
To attend our every footstep,
And guard off the stings of fate.
Honour, virtue, and kind feeling
Shed a more enduring light
Than can either wealth or station,
If we keep the path of Right.

If we conquer wrong and passion—
Keep our hearts from worldly sin—
Triumph o'er the foes without us,
And subdue the foes within—
Noble acts will make us noble,
Arm our souls with moral might ;
E'en as others gone before us,
Who have kept the path of Right.

There's a great high-road before us,
Let us keep it, on—right on—
Through the worst that can befall us,
Yielding up our strength to none.
More than human—almost godlike,
Thus the soul that takes its flight,
And sits down amidst the angels
Up the great high-road of Right.

HANG UP THE SWORD.

HANG up the sword—let it rust and decay,
Through all changes of time, mid the lumber of years,
The glory it had is now passing away,
Supplanted by one without bloodshed or tears.
A new creed is rife in this planet of ours,
And strongly it sways in the bosoms of men,
Who summon the might of their holiest powers
To make a good weapon and sure of the PEN.

Hang up the sword—give its fame to the wind,
And the deeds it has done to the annals of lust—
The scales are removed from the eyes of the blind,
Who shudder to see how they've fattened the dust.
“Peace!”—“Peace!”—is the cry, spreading every-
where fast,
And kindling proud hopes in the spirits of men—
The reign of the sword was earth's midnight—now
past—
The brightness of morning begins with the PEN.

Hang up the sword—hang it up out of sight—
'Tis useless, 'tis powerless, 'tis crimsoned with shame;
It may glare for awhile in the blaze of earth's light,
Till the stain on the blade is transferred to our fame.
But the blade shall be shivered, the stain be rubbed out,
And the glory of old light our frail world again—
When, instead of the warrior's carnage and shout,
Mind alone shall be might, and its weapon the PEN!

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER!

WHILE the wheel of fate is turning,
And the sun of life is burning,
As, from May to Old December,
Time glides on, let's still remember
'Tis our duty to exhibit
A responsive grateful spirit ;
For, believe me, friend or brother,
One good turn deserves another !

If rebuked for an unkindness,
For neglect, deceit, or blindness,
And the voice of love or duty
Would restore our inward beauty—
Let us take it as intended,
And befriend where we're befriended—
For, believe me, friend or brother,
One good turn deserves another !

If in life we are ascending,
And some others are descending,
Who assisted us in sorrow,
And made brighter each to-morrow—
Shall we let an old friend perish,
Whom our duty 'tis to cherish ?
No ;—believe me, friend or brother,
One good turn deserves another !

HONEST AND HAPPY.

THERE's much in the world that is doubtful,
There's much we shall ne'er understand—
Why virtue should live in a poorhouse,
And vice on the fat of the land.
For those who are fretful and peevish,
This duty remains to fulfil—
But strive to be honest and happy,
And let the world do as it will !

The man who with plenty dishonours
His name and his station, is poor ;
While he who is humble, yet upright,
Hath wealth that for aye shall endure !
The vicious may mock at his mem'ry,
But ages will think on him still—
Then strive to be honest and happy,
And let the world do as it will !

Oh ! who would repine, then, at fortune,
Though sorrow and toiling betide ?
The man that with wealth is a villain,
Might be virtuous were it denied.
Too much may o'erburden and sink you,
Too little oft keep you from ill,
Then strive to be honest and happy,
And let the world do as it will !

Whatever your fate or your station,
To God and your country be true ;
Love those you have proved to be faithful,
And laugh at what malice can do ;
And then, when affliction o'ertakes you,
And death scorns at medical skill,
You'll fall asleep honest and happy—
Yes, let the world do what it will !

NO GOOD EFFORT'S WHOLLY LOST.

STRUGGLE, struggle late and early,
Struggle hard, and struggle long,
Though the world be dark and surly,
And its rancour coarse and strong ;
Fear not trials, shun not danger,
Shrinking least where peril's most—
Who to conflict is a stranger ?
No good effort's wholly lost !

By the midnight taper poring
O'er the mind-reflecting page ;
Thought-darts, soul-helps, gladly storing,
Like a warrior of the age ;
Reading, writing, pond'ring, thinking,
Till the latest sheet is crossed,
Neither truth nor duty blinking—
No good effort's wholly lost.

In the great commercial city,
Where the tyrant Mammon reigns,
Weaning hearts from sense of pity,
Metting virtues by their gains ;
There, with angel tone and feature,
Calm and kind, though tempest-tost,
Show the life-seed in your nature—
No good effort's wholly lost !

Where the storm of passion rages,
Where the felon victim weeps,
And the pang no love assuages,
Is the fruit that folly reaps.
Clothed with mercy, full of kindness,
Hail him from a friendly coast ;
Pity thou and cheer his blindness,
No good effort's wholly lost !

Where the outcast mother, bending,
Watches o'er her famished child,
With her sighs deep heart-prayers blending,
Keep her spirit undefiled ;
Cheer her loneliness with *His* story,
Who of suff'ring knew the cost ;
How a manger held His glory—
No good effort's wholly lost !

To the stern one preach compassion,
Move the rocky heart of pride ;
Speak of that more glorious fashion,
First worn by the Crucified :
How He triumphed through His meekness,
Quelled, amazed the rabble host ;
Pitying every human weakness—
No good effort's wholly lost !

If you meet a fallen daughter,
Maddened, wronged by guilt and shame,
Wound not with stale maxims, taught her
Ere she knew a harlot's name ;
But with words of love and duty
Lead her back to virtue's post,
To regain her heavenly beauty—
No good effort's wholly lost !

Struggle, struggle on for ever,
Strong in purpose, heart, and mind ;
Pausing never, ceasing never,
In your love-works for mankind.
Caring not for frown or danger,
Shrinking least when peril's most ;
Who to conflict is a stranger ?
No good effort's wholly lost !

“IT IS A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO
TURNING.”

IN passing through this world of ours,
So full of mixed delight,
If thorns are interspersed with flowers
And darkness with the light,
What reason have we to complain,
Though years of grief we spend ?
We know it is a long, long lane
That never has an end.

If clouds are round our path to-day,
And gales and tempests rise,
To-morrow’s sun may chase away
Each shadow from the skies.
Could fate to us itself explain,
'Twould consolation lend,
For oh ! it is a long, long lane
That never has an end.

When hearts are given to regret,
And shroud their hopes in fears,
They only add to sorrow's debt
The interest of its tears ;
While those who breathe a lively strain,
And trust Time as a friend,
Soon find a turning in the lane
That seemed to have no end.

MRS. BROWN AND MRS. GREEN.

A very *fair* Christian is good Mrs. Brown,
And wise, too, as any in any wise town ;
She worships her God without any display,
Not molesting her friend who lives over the way ;
And, whatever occurs, it is easy to see
That her words and her conduct do always agree.
For this little maxim she shrewdly commends—
“ Good precept and practice should ever be friends ! ”

A very *warm* Christian is good Mrs. Green,
In her satins, and velvets, and rich armazine ;
She is always at church when the service begins,
And prays quite aloud for the *poor* and their *sins*.
Then her speech is so fair, and her manner so bland,
They'd proselytise the most heathenish land ;
And this one opinion she stoutly defends—
“ That precept and practice should ever be friends ! ”

Mrs. Brown has a reticule, useful though small,
Which oft in the week she takes under her shawl,
Calling first on this person, and then on the other,
As if she were either a sister or mother ;
And 't has oft been remarked, with good reason, no doubt,
That the reticule's lighter for having been out ;
For this little maxim she shrewdly commends—
“ Good precept and practice should ever be friends ! ”

Mrs. Green, now and then, for an hour, sits in state
With some more lady friends—rich, of course—to debate
How the poor shall be clothed, and *what* taught, and
what rules

It were best to enforce in the Charity Schools ;
All of which having over and over been turned,
And nothing decided, the meeting's adjourned ;
And this one opinion each lady defends—
“ That precept and practice should ever be friends ! ”

In the street where resides our good friend Mrs. Brown,
Is a school, though not known to a tithe of the town,
Which that lady supports from her own private purse ;
(And 'tis thought by her neighbours she might do
much worse ;)

And if scholars, or parents, are ill or distressed,
The reticule's sure to be had in request ;

For this little maxim she shrewdly commends—
“ Good precept and practice should ever be friends ! ”

Mrs. Green has a sympathy deep and refined,
It is not to parish or country confined ;
If a party of ladies propose a bazaar
To enlighten the natives of rude Zanzebar,
She is truly delighted to sanction their aim,
By *giving* wise counsel, and *lending* her name ;
For this one opinion she stoutly defends—
“ That precept and practice should ever be friends ! ”

Mrs. Brown is a stranger to parties and sects,
The good of *all* classes she loves and respects ;
Thinking little enough of profession or creed,
If the heart and the hand go not with it indeed ;
While her prayers, and her purse, and her reticule,
 too,
For *all* sorts of Christians a kindness will do ;
As this little maxim she shrewdly commends—
“ Good precept and practice should ever be friends ! ”

As for good Mrs. Green, she will loudly declaim
Against heresy, which, to its censure and shame,
Allows the misguided to *think* and *believe*,
Without pinning their faith to her armazine sleeve :

And if—as she says—she could have her own way,
She would put all the heretics down in a day ;
For this one opinion she stoutly defends—
“ That precept and practice should ever be friends ! ”

There are *few* Mrs. Browns—*not* a few Mrs. Greens,
In their satins, and velvets, and rich armazines.
There are *thousands* who’ll preach, lend their names,
and give rules,
But how *few* are provided with small reticules !
With the world, Mrs. Green, as a saint, will go down—
We will stake our existence on good Mrs. Brown,
Who in word, and in deed, the trite maxim commends—
“ Good precept and practice should ever be friends ! ”

TO-MORROW.

WE prate of to-morrow, as 'twere yesterday,
And boast what we'll do, as 'twere done—
Till youth, manhood, age, are all wasted away,
And the business of life not begun.
“Aye, aye!” says the world, with an indolent leer,
When the *Present* employment would find;
So a thousand *to-days* may have passed to their bier,
Nor left one bright record behind.

Would Time at our bidding glide slowly away,
Or did we, like him, ne'er grow old,
Then might we the purpose that lives for *to-day*
Put off till *to-morrow* is told.
But *Now* is the seed-time, good fruit to prepare,
If neglected, the Past is not dumb—
To-morrow was ever a shadow, a snare,
Always coming, yet never did come.

THE LASH.

The cruel case of "Flogging" which took place at Hounslow in the year 1846, when the victim of corporeal punishment was literally "cut to pieces," and many of his comrades, summoned to be eye-witnesses of the brutal exhibition, fainted on the spot, is still in the recollection of the public. The limitation to "fifty lashes," which Government has subsequently found it advisable to impose, is certainly calculated to prevent a *fatal* result in any future case; and it is to be hoped the period is not far distant when all such outrages on true English feeling will be utterly and entirely abolished.

STRIPE him, score him, whip him soundly,
Sicken not at scar or spot,
Teach him how to bear oppression—
How to bear and murmur not.
Lacerate his naked shoulders,
Cut to pieces flesh and bone ;
He is but a private soldier,
And as hard as any stone.

Heed not, though his cries of suffering—
Cries for mercy—rend the air ;
Lay it on the faster, harder,
Why should you, stern farrier, care ?
In your breast no pity dwelleth,
No respect or love for him,
Like a soldier, do your duty,
Cut to pieces back and limb.

Hark ! the cheerful drum is rolling,
Harbinger of glorious fame ;
Let it nerve your arm, uplifted,
To descend on manly shame.
Courage, courage, flagging farrier,
Scarcely yet the blood doth flow,
What are thirteen dozen lashes ?
He deserves them all, you know.

Take no anxious thought for kindred,
Relatives or friendships dear ;
He can have no fond relations,
None to shed a single tear—
All have turned their backs upon him,
He is in the world alone ;
Sink it in his flesh the deeper,
Till he answers groan with groan.

See, your officers and comrades,
 Gay spectators, stand around ;
Only some half-score have fainted—
 There they lie upon the ground.
Harder—slower—noble farrier ;
 Now the blood begins to start ;
Cut the throbbing veins asunder,
 Fetch it from his very heart.

England's glory rests upon you—
 England's valour now maintain :
Every knot that cuts its victim
 Wipes away another stain.
Would you see the British army
 Laurel-wreaths of honour claim ?
Now the task may be accomplished,
 If you well direct your aim,—

If you'll only whip him soundly,
 Brand him to the very core,
So that he can henceforth never
 Be a man or Christian more !
Rob him of his better nature,
 Pluck God's image from his breast,
He will then become a demon,—
 Hardy farrier, do your best.

Heed not what our fawning statesmen,
Or the wily priest, may say—
Sacrifice another victim,
Do it nobly, as you may.
Once again, across the shoulders,
Deeper, heavier than before,—
Pause, and get a cat that's sharper,
That is soaked too much with gore.

By your love for Queen and country—
By the soldier's just reward—
By the colour of your jacket—
Let the culprit's back be scored.
Harder—slower—veteran farrier,
Yet another, give the slave,—
GOD ! O GOD ! AND SHALL THY CREATURES
THUS BE BUTCHERED FOR THE GRAVE !

R I G H T.

Be *Right* our guiding star for ever,
The beacon of the soul—
Oh! may we lose its bright beams never,
Though dark waves round us roll.
The world may threaten, smite, deceive us,
Or dazzle with its light,
But there's no power can harm or grieve us
While yet our course is *Right*.

The statesman who would serve a nation,
And make it great and free—
The patriot bard, whate'er his station,
'*Right!*' must his motto be.
The hero who would live in story,
To win the world's great fight,
Must lay aside the thought of glory,
And stand upon the *Right*.

Whate'er our lot, our faith, opinion,
Though high or low we be,
Right over all should have dominion—
The star of destiny !
Fair woman in your native beauty,
And manhood in your might,
Long be your watchwords, 'Truth and Duty,'—
There's no path like the *Right*.

ANGRY WORDS LEAVE BITTER MEMORIES.

BREATHE not angry words nor feelings,
But be gentle, kind, and true ;
Tender to each heart that turneth
In its love and trust to you.
Though the brow at times be clouded,
And reproof sit on the tongue,
It may not be meant unkindly,
Nor designed to do you wrong.

Breathe not angry thoughts nor feelings,
Though assailed by foe or friend,
But display a nobler spirit,
So shall all contention end.
When o'ercome by inward passion,
It were well to bear in mind,
That each word of anger uttered
Leaves a poisoned shaft behind.

UP AND BE DOING.

Up, and be doing, friends,
Up, and be doing,
A great work awaits you, friends,
Time is pursuing—
Pause not for pleasure, friends,
Linger not behind,
Young and old, rich and poor,
Impotent and blind—
Up, and be doing, friends,
Battle hard through life,
Conquer SELF, and leave the world
Better for the strife.

Up, and be doing, friends,
Up and be doing,
Hope, o'er the path of life,
Bright flowers is strewing.

Like the daring eagle, friends,
Dangers dark despise—
Gath'ring strength and mounting still
Upward—higher rise—
Trust in God, and courage, friends,
Deeds ye shall perform,
Only let the spirit soar
High above the storm.

Up, and be doing, friends,
Up and be doing ;
Subtle as the serpent, friends—
Guilt's stain eschewing—
What of disappointment, friends,
Frequent care and pain ?
“Forward !” is the prompting cry,
Till the goal you gain ;
Follies may beset you, friends,
Tempt you back to ill—
Tread them down, and still the soul's
Destiny fulfil.

Up, and be doing, friends,
Up and be doing ;
Every hour and every step,
Heart-strength renewing.

Gentle as the young dove, friends,
Kind to one another,
Every man in faith and love
Cheering on his brother—
Heedless what his station, friends,
Frail, oppressed, or poor,
Give him comfort, lead him on,
And the end is sure.

Up, and be doing, friends,
Up and be doing ;
A great work awaits you, friends,
Time is pursuing.
Honour, Truth invite you, friends,
Answer to their call,
And the Dagons of the Past
Must before them fall !
Up, and be doing, friends,
Battle hard through life,
Conquer SELF, and leave the world
Better for the strife.

TRUE TO THE END.

As you begin so continue,
Faint not nor pause by the way;
Let your thoughts be on the morrow
Constant and warm as to-day.
Chances and changes may happen,
Clouds with life's sunshine must blend,
Still, though the worst should befall you,
Mind and be true to the end.

Roses that bloom in the summer,
Perish when autumn comes on,
And friendships ripened by fortune,
Die, too, when fortune is gone.
Earth has no holier blessing
Than an unvarying friend—
One that will love through all seasons,
Constant and true to the end.

ART AND INDUSTRY.

HAIL! glorious Art and Industry!
Go, speed ye, hand in hand,
And spread the triumphs of your might
Through every clime and land.
In ye the world's true splendour shines,
Its noblest schemes have birth,
Twin-workers—nursed by Nature's self—
And champions of the earth.

Oh! may for ages still to come
Your world-wide harvests spring,
And scatter golden gifts to all,
From subject up to king;
For Art and Commerce, thus engaged,
Must rarer conquests yield,
Than any naval victory
Or memorable field.

With force of arms a nation's strength
Should never be combined,
Since surer are the lion-powers
Of industry and mind.
And he who makes the printing press,
Or shapes the little pen,
Is greater far than he who slays
By scores his fellow men.

“NO MORNING SUN SHINES ALL
THE DAY!”

No morning sun shines all the day,
But passes with the noon away,
And flowers that watched it early rise
Die out, or close their gentle eyes.
So, hopes in youth’s bright morn begun,
Expire before life’s sands are run,
And leave the heart, in tears, to say,
“No morning sun shines all the day.”

Oh ! ye who toil, and ye who play
And sport in fortune’s fickle ray ;
And loving natures, bound in one,
Whose spring of happiness flows on,
Improve the time, employ each hour
That woos you with its fleeting power,
Lest age should force the heart to say,
“No morning sun shines all the day.”

“MIND AND LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.”

“NOTHING venture, nothing win,”
Is a maxim good and true,
When life’s journey you begin,
And have all the work to do.
Fortune does with courage ride—
Only timid mortals creep—
Still, let caution be your guide—
Mind and look before you leap.

Never to appearance trust,
But to common sense appeal—
Oft a goodly rind or crust
Doth a rotten core conceal.
“All that glitters is not gold,”
Better pause, or, snail-like, creep,
Than go wrong, and then be told—
“You should look before you leap.”

Better than a perfect cure
Is prevention for each pain ;
Those alone can be secure
Who look o'er the hedge again.
See your way, and then launch out,
Thus you'll clear each miry deep,
For there's neither fear nor doubt,
When you look before you leap.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Oh! do ever to another,
As you'd have him do to you ;
Be to him a kindly brother,
And he'll prove a brother too.
Love him for his human nature,
For its own intrinsic worth,
Still the same in every creature,
Whether high or low his birth.
Shame and guilt may overtake him,
But to thine ownself be true,
For, be sure, if you forsake him,
Others will forsake him too.

Oh! do ever to another
As you'd have him do to you ;
Be a man, a friend, a brother,
Kind and gentle, firm and true ;

For if once his love is slighted,
And his honest heart you spurn,
You must look to be requited—
He will scorn you in return ;
But, if firm to love and duty,
As through life you travel on,
Then your own heart will salute ye
With the blessed words—“*well done!*”

THE OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

WE wait, like patient men, the day
When o'er the restless ocean
The Thought shall have a cheap highway,
To transmit each emotion ;
When, heart in converse close with heart,
And with a love for others,
Mankind, three thousand miles apart,
Shall be but distant brothers.

We wait, like earnest men, the day
When every man and woman
Shall fling cold prejudice away,
And speak and feel in common ;
When winds of peace shall fill each sail,
And men shall take their sabres,
And beat them into pens, to hail
Their Transatlantic neighbours.

PENCE AND POUNDS.

WOULD the practice of the many
More diffused this truth around—
He who does not save the penny,
Never will possess the pound.
Conscious that in small beginnings
Lies the way to greater store,
Prudence hoardeth up her winnings,
Making still each little more.

Life may not be always sunny,
Youth and strength will pass away,
Useful, then, the stock of money
Saved against “a rainy day.”
Would the practice of the many
More diffused this truth around—
He who does not save the penny,
Never will possess the pound.

COMMON MEANS.

Do not wait for great occasions,
For imposing situations,
To become a mighty actor,
Hero, thinker, benefactor ;
Do not wait for days of leisure—
Busy but with useless pleasure,
Lost in worldly speculations,
Airy baubles of the nations—
Nor with “ifs,” and shows of reason,
Tarry till a riper season ;
But with manly zeal and bearing,
For a cause that’s worth the daring,
Try to be a mighty actor,
Hero, thinker, benefactor.

What will labour not subdue—
Plodding perseverance do ?
In the acorn lies the oak ;
'Tis the oft-repeated stroke
Levels forests to the plain,
As the insect, grain by grain,
Toiling on through years of days,
Does its coral islands raise.
Difficulties disappear
When the Will cries—“ Persevere ! ”
And the distant twilight grey
Changes into brighter day,
As the spirit still ascends,
By little means, to mighty ends.

Be his station e'er so low,
Man shall reap as he does sow.
From the anvil, plough, and loom,
From the mine and pent-up room,
Spirit-lights have beamed ere now ;
And the throbbing heart and brow
Of the lowly and self-taught
Such mind-wonders shaped and wrought,
That the world has turned aside
From her heroes, deified,
To behold her working ones—
Franklins, Watts, and Stephensons—

Seize the elements at will,
And harness them to aid their skill.

Wait not till the *great* appear,
Do your best to bring it near ;
Use the common and the mean,
Drop or atom,—all, I ween,
Are but means unto an end,
And within them comprehend
Elements of life and power,
Suited to the varied hour ;
Something, hid from sense and light,
You may demonstrate to sight,
Which the world shall give a place
'Mongst the landmarks of your race.

Grasp the moment ere it flies ;
Once upon the wing—it dies ;
Store it up, as golden grain,
In the coffer of the brain.
Stand upon the world's vast stage,
Looking upward through the age,
To anticipate the birth
Of that epoch of the earth,
When the better part of man,
Strung and tuned to Nature's plan,

Shall in constant thought rehearse
The music of the universe.

Search and labour while you may ;
Be a *something* in your day ;
Leave some goodly work behind
That shall cheer and bless mankind ;
Conquer some unconquered ill ;
Bend the stubborn to your will ;
Let some undeveloped germ,
Invulnerable to the worm,
Show the principle divine
Throbbing in that breast of thine ;
Be a *something*—not a clod—
A mind-ray from the living God !

WERE IT NOT AS WELL?

ENOUGH of prisons, transport ships—of whipping posts
and tools—

The wisdom of the age demands that we reverse the
rules,

That, 'stead of putting prisons up in every crowded
town,

'Twere better far to try and put the evil doers down.

Our ancestors—sagacious men, and thoughtful in their
day—

Of wisdom and economy vouchsafed a good display ;
To banish crime and criminals, and save, too, much
expense,

They hung offenders every day, on any small pretence.

Now were it not an *easy* thing, and were it not *as well*,
To put down crime, so save the cost, and save the life
as well,

By prudently reversing all our antiquated rules,
And turning English prisons into better training
schools ?

Thus speaks, demands, the wisdom true of these our
modern days,

When Christian men are not content to merely pray
and praise ;

But, looking at the human field, with spirit pure, devout,
Each one is doing what he can to root some evil out !

WORLDLY TEACHINGS.

MAN, wouldst thou be loved and honoured,
Live in ease and state—
Be the wonder of the lowly,
Feast-guest of the great—
Copy, then, the world's example,
Coin thy soul for pelf:
“Men will praise thee when thou doest
Well unto thyself.”

If the voice of public duty
Call thee, pass it by ;
If the poor and suffering seek thee
With a downcast eye,
Never yield your heart to pity,
Bow to nought but pelf:
“Men will praise thee when thou doest
Well unto thyself.”

Place your feet upon the fallen,
Scorn the needy man ;
See no good in starving thousands,
But their vices scan ;
Sinless, pure, will thine own soul be,
Mirrored in thy pelf :
“ Men will praise thee when thou doest
Well unto thyself.”

Whether railway shares or gaming,
Craft or merchandise,
’Tis that fills thy daily coffers
In thy neighbour’s eyes ;
Bend the knee and bow the spirit
To no god but pelf :
“ Men will praise thee when thou doest
Well unto thyself.”

Fools are they, and brainless mockers,
Who will give their store
To a world that takes—and, taking,
Coolly asks for more ;
To a world that will return you
Curses, blows, for pelf :
“ Men will praise thee when thou doest
Well unto thyself.”

Be thou hypocrite or tyrant,
Infidel, or worse,
Thou mayst pass for saint or angel,
Measured by the purse.
Earth esteems no virtue greater
Than that one thing—Pelf:
“ Men will praise thee when thou doest
Well unto thyself.”

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

ALAS ! for the beam in our own weak eyes,
When it blindeth our purest sympathies,
And giveth to all that is fair and true
The jaundiced shades of its own dark hue.
When—though it be plain as the noonday sun—
We see not the good that is daily done,
But ever attempt to destroy in part
The blossoms that spring from a kindly heart.

Alas ! when descending from Charity's throne,
We judge of men's motives and acts by our own,
Making *Self* the infallible rule and guide,
Yet striving our own weak points to hide ;
While viewing with microscopical lens,
And noting down with malevolent pens,
Small errors, though always neglecting to tell
Of the *great good* found in the search as well.

Alas ! when to *do* good we have not the will,
But turn e'en the good done by others to ill,
And cover our neighbour with sorrow and shame,
Corrupting his peace and traducing his name ;
As if—like the archfiend from heaven cut off—
With a curse in the soul, on the lip a wild scoff,
We laboured to blot out the virtues of life,
And crowd it with malice and falsehood and strife.

THE SPECTACLE.

A sea of heads below,
Of congregated faces,
Huddled and packed to show
How limited the space is.
Ten thousand look like one—
Fathers, children, and mothers—
Ten thousand are as one—
Human sisters and brothers.

A glare of upturned eyes,
Basilisks wildly staring;
Lips unparted by sighs,
But oaths and curses sharing;
Blasphemy, jest, and song,
Bandied in wild disorder—
Stories of culprits hung,
Greenacre, Rush, and Corder.

Oh ! what a harvest time
For booths and public-houses !
A festival of crime,
When each vile wretch carouses !
Oh ! what a dainty day
For letting window places,
Where in the sun's bright ray,
Now shine those human faces !

Thieves plying their trade,
The lost—abandoned, drinking ;
Criminals being made,
No sense of pain or shrinking.
Voices rending the air,
Volley succeeding volley,
From hearts consumed by care,
Yet striving to be “jolly.”

Oh ! what a raging hell
Lighteth those upturned features !
Oh ! what an evil spell
Curseth those mingling creatures !
Fiercer the rabble shout,
As the victim seems to falter.
Alas !—the ill poured out
On that mass, like poisoned water !

There—on the scaffold drear,
Before death's open portal,
Trembling with shame and fear,
Bends the accursed mortal :
Closed is the chaplain's book,
That of ONE ATONEMENT speaketh—
With a despairing look,
“Mércy, O Christ!” he shrieketh.

Nerved—aye, with brandy old—
Courageous as a devil,
Standeth the wretch who sold
His manhood to do this evil ;
While 'neath the fated Tree,
A group of vultures quarrel
About the hangman's fee,
For the dying man's apparel.

A shrill moan of despair,
As the signal dread is given—
And he dangleth in the air,
Midway 'twixt earth and heaven ;
Like a dog that has no soul,
With writhed and black'ning features,
Thrust down to life's dread goal,
By erring, human creatures !

Flung rudely in the face
Of the Holy and All-Seeing—
Who still a little space
Might have borne with that poor being—
Stagg'ring and out of breath,
Stunned with the world's loud riot,
To wait—far worse than death—
The everlasting fiat.

A sea of heads below,
Of congregated faces,
Huddled and packed to show
How limited the space is.
Ten thousand look like one—
Fathers, children, and mothers—
Ten thousand are as one—
Human sisters and brothers.

Homeward the masses trail,
To haunts of destitution,
Where children stunted, pale,
Feed, gloat upon pollution.
Where “gin,” and dirt, and crime,
And natures coarse and callous,
Breeding in human slime
Work for the hulks and gallows.

Back—from the life-blood spilt,
To their nocturnal revels—
They trail, to add to guilt
The recklessness of devils ;
To vaunt the deeds of *him*
The law destroyed that morning,
And chant his fun’ral hymn—
The sword of Justice scorning.

Thus murder is reproved !
Of course, the world’s condition
Is very much improved
By such an exhibition !
Alas ! alas ! the day !
Of that vast throng, so “jolly,”
Not *one* but went away
More hardened in his folly !

TRIFLES.

OH ! meanest trifles have the power
To change the fashion of life's hour ;
To lull the soul to sweet repose,
Calm as the unmolested rose ;
Or rouse the functions of the brain
To sternest grief and direst pain ;
Yet rarely do we mark that power
Till changed the fashion of life's hour.

A cloud will intercept the sun ;
A web, by insect-workers spun,
Preserve the life within the frame,
Or vapours take away the same.
A grain of sand upon the sight
Will rob a giant of his might,
Or needle-point let out the breath,
And make a banquet meal for Death.

How often at a thoughtless word
The heart with agony is stirred,
And ties that years could not have riven
Are scattered to the winds of heaven.
A glance, that tells what lips would speak,
Will speed the pulse and blanch the cheek ;
And thoughts, nor looked, nor yet expressed,
Create a chaos in the breast.

A smile of hope from one we love
May be an angel from above ;
A whispered welcome in our ears
Be as the music of the spheres ;
The pressure of a gentle hand
Worth all that glitters in the land.
Oh ! meanest trifles have the power
To change the fashion of life's hour.

LET THEM DIE !

"A poor woman, whose husband lay upon his death-bed, applied at one of our Union workhouses for temporary relief, which was refused, the governor insisting that she must wait till board-day. In the meantime the husband died."—Vide *Sunday Times*, January, 1847.

WHY, let them die ! their limbs are worn and weary,
Their spirits bowed and broken—let them die ;
Their pathway through the busy world is dreary,
And hopeless grief the couch whereon they lie.
Famine broods over the domestic hearth,
Our joys are baffled with their piteous cry ;
Then give the grave its own lean clods of earth—
A better world awaits them if they die.

Why, let them die ! they are not worth the pains
Humanity must take to keep them here,
And it would tax some proud official's brains
To keep their sufferings from the public ear.

We shall not miss them from the crowded street,
Where now their destitution wounds the eye.
The wealthy will their wealthy neighbours meet
With far more pleasure when the poor can die.

Our workhouses are laden with such ware,
Our pockets taxed to feed the thankless swarm,
Our industry provides the clothes they wear,
Our own bright fires are robbed to keep them warm.
Under our windows, at our doors, they linger,
To pilfer from the family supply ;
When God has set on them his vengeful finger,
What have the houseless left to do but die ?

Why, let them die ! the earth is overstocked,
The very air infected that we breathe ;
And sensitive humanity is shocked
To look upon the worms that crawl beneath.
Then let them die ! ye thoughtless sons of mirth,
Whose joys are baffled with their piteous cry ;
Give to the grave its own lean clods of earth,
A better world awaits them if they die.

“NIL DESPERANDUM.”

“NIL desperandum” be our cry,
When skies look dark or danger’s nigh—
For oh! be sure, whate’er betide,
Our shield to be, our feet to guide,
Some angel form, on Hope’s bright wings,
Looks calmly down, and sweetly sings,
As it would tune the list’ning air
To sounds that bid us not despair.

Or, when in sorrow’s silent hour
We feel the blow and own its power,
And hearts we love, and friends of old,
Die off, or—what is worse—grow cold;
Still, mid each burning grief and tear,
Hope’s watchful angel lingers near,
And prompts us, in the voice of prayer,
To trust in God, and not despair.

FACT AND FICTION.

Two kindred spirits sought the earth,
 Sent by the Maker-mind
To open with a jewelled key
 New worlds unto mankind.
Sisters they were—alike in form
 And lineament exact—
Fiction the one was called by name—
 Her sister's name was Fact.

Fact, with a microscopic eye,
 Interpreting the true,
Revealed a living universe
 In every drop of dew;
The mysteries of secret things
 Reduced to rule and plan,
And brought the lightning from the skies
 To be the slave of man.

Fiction, the measure of the soul
Took with a hasty span,
Then made the beautiful to be
A high-priest unto man ;
Created worlds of light, which hymned
The anthem of the spheres ;
And moved all lands to laugh with her,
Or had the world in tears.

The world was wiser much for Fact,
And Science raised her voice
And bade the universal mind
In its own strength rejoice.
But from mankind such angel works
Exalted Fiction drew,
That earth was nearer drawn to heaven,
And men's hearts nearer too.

“THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART.”

Be it written on the heart,
With each hope that gilds the morrow,
That “the best of friends must part
In the hour of joy or sorrow.”
Life may yield us raptures few,
And its sweetest be but fleeting,
Still, were there no fond adieu,
There could be no fonder meeting.

When we meet, as cherished friends,
Or, as loving ones, true hearted,
Let the present make amends,
For each anxious hour departed ;
Lest the tender heart we prize,
And would fondly cling to ever,
When it passes from our eyes
Should return to bless us—never !

“NO ROOM!”

“During the severity of the present inelement season, a poor woman, in extreme distress, applied at one of our Union workhouses for admittance for herself and children, and was dismissed with this summary reply—‘There’s no room !’”—Vide *Dispatch*, December, 1846.

BACK ! wretched suppliant ! back
To thy cheerless, homeless dwelling !
Though the snow-flake hides thy track,
And the bitter wind is telling
Its wintry tale of woes,
Howling where’er it goes—
Like some lorn ghost that wand’ring near the river,
Sees in the silent tide
The pale face of the suicide,
And moans in agony for ever.
Back to thy bed of straw !
Back till thy pleadings thaw
The world’s oppressive law !

Hence to thy haunt of famine, grief, and gloom—
The workhouse swarms—as yet there is “no room.”

Wait till the hand of death
Has robbed some one of breath,
And in a pauper’s grave he lies.
Each day some inmate dies—
“Room”—“room” for fresh supplies
Of human suffering—sent to its last doom—
Wait at the gate till Death shall make more “room.”

Back! stand back, though snow and sleet
Fall round thee like a winding sheet.
Patience and sad endurance
Must the wounded spirit learn,
That longs for death, and pines for death,
Yet would not bide its turn—
When the workhouse door is shut and barred,
And the heart with wrongs doth burn.

There is “room!” there is “room!”
A spirit has gone from the gloomy pile—
Haste! enter in—at the summons smile—
Mother and children—leave despair
To the thousands pinched by the bleak night-air—
The tomb—the tomb
Has found ye “room.”

NIGHT IN THE CAPITAL.

NIGHT! Night in the Capital,
Resting on it, like a pall;
Shutting in the pomp and pride
Of the restless human tide
Ever moving to and fro,
Wealth to gather, ill to sow,
Jostling in the crowded street,
Rushing on with eager feet,
Mad, impatient, out of breath—
From the cradle to the death.

Night! Night in the Capital!
Scarce a lunar ray does fall,
Or a sleepless star look down
On the pent-up giant town,
Stretching miles and miles away,
Farther than the eye can stray,

Over steeples, roofs and fanes,
Throughout alleys, courts and lanes.

Night ! Night in the Capital,
Resting on it like a pall :
Equipages roll along
With the pleasure-seeking throng ;
Drowsy cabmen loll at ease ;
Foot-sounds die off by degrees ;
Shops a sombre aspect wear ;
Tavern lamps for ever glare ;
Home the foaming drunkard reels—
“One o’clock,”—from belfry peals.

Night ! Night in the Capital !
Would to God that each—that all,
Calmly sleeping, lay at rest,
With an angel in the breast,
And sweet visions of the skies
Passing ’fore the mental eyes,
To the breathing world were given—
Sinless dreams and hopes of heaven.

Night ! Night in the Capital
Does its wonted scenes recal :
Fiendish riot, mirth, and din ;
Drops of water—streams of “Gin ;”

Swollen features—hissing tongues ;
Hearts revengeful of their wrongs ;
Blearing eyes, whose hollow stare
Seems to mock the gas-light's glare ;
Men and women cursing—cursed—
Souls prepared to dare the worst ;
Fighting, drinking—all pell-mell,
Rushing headlong down to hell ;
Till the morning's sickly light
Dawns upon that “ Palace ” bright.

Night ! Night in the Capital !
Rolled up, like a hoop or ball,
Little more than skin and bone,
'Neath the black, chill arch, alone,
Cowers the houseless, vagrant boy ;
With a spectral gleam of joy
Shooting hopeward in the breast,
As he turns in vain to rest—
And the dark hours steal away—
Waiting for returning day,
That to such as him may bring
Something more than suffering :
Like a beast that seeks its lair,
Crouching from the damp night-air.*

* “Thousands of unhappy creatures have never known what it was to sleep in a bed. They pass the night ‘under dry arches of bridges and viaducts,

Night ! Night in the Capital,
Full of human grief and gall :
Pacing on the river's brink,
Maddened—half afraid to think—
Racked with agony and shame—
Branded with a filthy name—
Folding, in her wild unrest,
Guilt's love-offering on her breast ;
Suff'ring, hatred, scorn and sin,
Crime without and crime within :
These before, and death behind—
Oh ! the demon of the mind !
Calmly flows the wakeful tide,
Soothingly its waters glide :
Hushed the wind—no sound—no breath—
Fearless plunge they both to death.
Day looks on—and down the tide
Floats the wretched suicide.

Night ! Night in the Capital !
Mark the shadow on the wall,
Working on by candle-light,
Through the dull and silent night,

under porticoes, sheds, carts in out-houses, saw-pits, stair-cases, or in the open air.' Lord Ashley relates an instance of a little ragged starveling, in whom misery had not as yet extinguished all fellow-feeling, who kindly promised to a comrade that 'he would put him up to a good thing.' And he kept his word, by allowing his friend, during the cold, inclement winter nights, to share his bed —the inside of a large iron-roller in the Regent's-park."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Pricking with the needle point
Heart and brain and finger joint ;
Drawing out life's slender thread
In exchange for daily bread ;
Hearing, in the night-wind's stave,
Sounds, like feet upon her grave—
Sits the sempstress. Months go round
And that wasted form is found,
Still thus toiling. No glad hope
Mingles in her life's frail cup ;
No bright future stretching far
Shines before her as a star—
Sleep, that long has loitered there,
Smites her—sitting in her chair ;
And the task unfinished falls—
Daybreak creeps along the walls.

Night ! Night in the Capital,
Three the hour, and tranquil all.
In a small and narrow room,
Close and silent as the tomb,
As the early hours glide on,
Bends in deep abstraction one
Who has taken up the Pen
To convince his fellow men,
Pleading, in impressive tones,
For a Truth the world disowns.

Only sheets of paper white
Pass before the outward sight—
Only thoughts—yet undivined—
Flash across the active mind ;
Yet, in all the goodly land,
Ne'er hath weapon clutched by hand
Half such mighty battle done,
Ere the rising of the sun.
Every page, and every line
Teems with energy divine ;
Every sentiment expressed,
Patent to the human breast,
Finds its echo, works its way,
'Mongst the masses day by day,
Moulding unshaped minds by stealth,
Giving freedom, vision, health,
Shedding light and warmth around,
Sowing seed in fruitful ground ;
Breathing of the “coming time”—
Soul-Sabbatic hour, sublime—
When the higher parts employed,
And the lower parts destroyed,
Good of ill shall take the place
In our nature, and our race.
Thus (deprived of needful rest,
Oft with poverty distressed)
By the midnight toiler's THOUGHT
Is the world improved and taught.

Night ! Night in the Capital,
Rolling up its sombre pall,
Fadeth in the morning sun ;
And the human day begun,
Sounds of voices, crowding feet,
Throng the ever restless street ;
Jostling, thrusting, on they go—
As the river's waters flow—
Mad, impatient, out of breath—
From the cradle to the death.

WHEN I HAD A SHILLING TO LEND.

(New Words to an Old Tune.)

WHEN I had a shilling to lend—to lend ;
When I had a shilling to lend,
Oh ! never was mortal so loved and caressed,
Earth had thousands of good ones, but I was the best ;
I had friends that, like mushrooms, sprung up in a day,
And each one was ready his homage to pay.
Not a project was dreamt of, or sought to be done,
But some lacquey, to ask my opinion, would run,
Till, at last, at this truth I began to arrive,
That the world would most certainly eat me alive—
For the days, and the seasons, all seemed to depend
On the man who'd a shilling to lend—to lend—
On the man who'd a shilling to lend.

When I had a shilling to beg—to beg ;
When I had a shilling to beg,
Oh ! never was mortal so shunned and accursed,
Earth had thousands of bad ones, but I was the worst.
If an old friend I met, in the broad light of day,
He would pass with a nod, or cross over the way ;
And as for opinion—oh ! nobody dreamed
Of heeding a fellow so lightly esteemed ;
For the man without money, whate'er his pretence,
It was plain, could possess neither feeling nor sense :
Till the world, I confess, seemed to care not a peg
For the man who'd a shilling to beg—to beg—
For the man who'd a shilling to beg.

MAKE NO RASH PROMISE.

BEWARE how you promise,
By sign or by tongue,
Lest the faith should be right,
And the judgment be wrong.
For too oft we have reason
First thoughts to forego,
When, if "Yes" were not said,
It were best to say "No!"

When you do give your word,
Let it be as the deed,
For the one should the other
So truly succeed ;
But make no rash promise,
By sign or by tongue,
Lest the faith should be right,
And the judgment be wrong.

WATERLOO !

Oh ! speak no more of Waterloo !
Napoleon's fall hath passed away,
And Time and Peace have thrown a pall
O'er England's valour on that day—
A tear, perchance, the eye may shed,
When scanning its red ruin o'er,
But of the glorious vict'ry gained,
I pray you, speak no more !

Oh ! speak no more of Waterloo !
Yet honour to the brave we'll give ;
And Wellington, through future years,
As hero-statesman yet may live—
But greater conqu'rors have sprung up,
To build their fame from shore to shore,
And so—of glorious Waterloo—
I pray you, speak no more !

Who save, not slay, win best renown :
The Press is now the metal true,
And mightier deeds the Pen has done,
Than e'er were done at Waterloo—
Deeds which shall spread, in breadth and length,
Till Time's deep waters cease their roar ;
When vict'ries *such* as Waterloo—
Thank God ! will be no more !

BE FIRM !

Be firm as the rock, and as bold as the billow ;
Let Truth be your helmsman, and Honour your pillow ;
Look the world and its frowns in the face with defiance,
On God and his word ever placing reliance.
War and conflict for ever may battle around you,
But stand to your post, and they shall not confound you ;
For the soul that is firm, and looks upward for ever,
Shall conquer the worst, and be overcome—never !

Be firm, when the syren of insinuation
Would make you untrue to yourself or the nation ;
When interest and policy give an opinion,
And bid you submit to their wiser dominion,
Let cowards and sycophants list to their story,
Stand you by the Truth, and exhibit its glory ;
For he who can live above fear and temptation
Is the king of his clan, and the pride of creation.

CHERISH ONLY KINDLY FEELINGS.

CHERISH only kindly feelings ;
Why should bitter thoughts intrude,
To corrupt our human nature
With unworthy hate or feud ?
Does the star, at midnight shining,
Ever wear an angry face ?
Why should man, then—more exalted—
Bring dishonour on his race ?

Cherish only kindly feelings !
Love, with purest instincts rife,
Can alone sustain the spirit
Through the wilderness of life.
Does the flower, with jealous aspect,
Scorn its sister's loving face ?
Why should man, then—more exalted—
Bring dishonour on his race ?

“THE UNKNOWN GOD.”

“A few days ago, the following occurred at the Mansion House, in London, the first city in the world! It is unnecessary to state more than that the lad was a witness subpoenaed in a case of assault:—A boy, named George Rugby, who appeared to be about fourteen years old, was then put in the box, and the Testament was handed to him. He looked quite astonished upon taking hold of the book. *Alderman Humphery*—Well, do you know what you are about? Do you know what an oath is? *Boy*—No. *Alderman Humphery*—Do you know what a Testament is? *Boy*—No. *Alderman Humphery*—Can you read? *Boy*—No. *Alderman Humphery*—Do you ever say your prayers? *Boy*—No, never. *Alderman Humphery*—Do you know what prayers are? *Boy*—No. *Alderman Humphery*—Do you know what God is? *Boy*—No. *Alderman Humphery*—Do you know what the devil is? *Boy*—No; I’ve heard of the devil, but I don’t know him. *Alderman Humphery*—What do you know, my poor fellow? *Boy*—I know how to sweep the crossing. *Alderman Humphery*—And that’s all? *Boy*—That’s all. I sweeps the crossing.—The Alderman said, that in all his experience he had never met with any thing like the deplorable ignorance of the poor unfortunate child in the witness-box. He, of course, could not take the evidence of a creature who knew nothing whatever of the obligation to tell the truth.”—*The People’s and Howitt’s Journal*, January, 1850.

WHAT! have we, then, no preachers?
No useful moral teachers?
No bishops, deans, or rectors,
Or other soul-directors?
No doctors of divinity,
Defenders of the Trinity?

No vicar, chaplain, deacon,
To be a Gospel-beacon ?
No plodding Scripture reader,
For truth an interceder ?
No liberal contributor ?
No tract distributor ?
No churchman, young or hoary,
To labour for God's glory ?
No Protestant in all the nation
To raise the standard of salvation ?

What ! have we no Dissenters,
Anti-state sin-preventers ?
No Baptists, Independents,
Good Lutheran descendants ?
No Wesleyans or Quakers ?
No Ranters, Jumpers, Shakers ?
 No Romish cardinal,
 Or holy monk at all,
Or sisters vowed to charity,
To be of Dorcas-rarity ?
No Scottish Presbyterians,
Or good Moravians ?
No Jews or Unitarians ?
No orthodox Tractarians,
Southcotians, or Saints of Latter-day,
To teach from Saturday to Saturday ?

What! have we then no Sabbath-school instruction,
To cause in sin and sinners a reduction?

No schools, free or proprietary,
For educational dietary?

No visiting association mission,
To reach the people in their *worst* condition?
No useful means 'mongst all denominations
To put the break on earth's abominations?
No Bible, periodical, or sermon,
Or are they printed but in Greek and Burman?

No tract, or warning pages,
Whose spirit ever wages,

In language of remonstrance, deep and holy,
War against vice, and ignorance, and folly?
No college, chapel, synagogue, or steeple,
Nor any kind of decent Christian people,

With hearts on fire, and burning
The wide world to be turning
From scenes infernal
To the Eternal?

Oh! what have we been doing?
What path or plan pursuing?
What daily progress making
In that vast undertaking,
By which, as in God's word advised,
The world's to be evangelized;

That after eighteen hundred years have fled,
And in the greatest city of the world,
Where Martyrs for the Truth have striv'n and bled,
To have the Gospel flag unfurled—
That mid the pomp, refinement, education
Of advanced civilisation,
There should be found—
A type of thousands living round—
A soul as ignorant of Christ—of laws divine,
As they who offer at a Pagan shrine ?
Who *only* “sweeps the crossing,” nor e'er heard
Of God—nor prayed—nor read His holy word.

Have we—like Paul, Apollos—been unceasing
In sowing seeds of truth around,
And wat'ring the uncultured ground—
Leaving to God the blessing and increasing ;
Counting all things but dross,
Contrasted with the “Cross ;”
Giving up mammon-worship, pride, and lust,
Humbling ourselves, yea, even to the dust ;
Strength'ning the bonds of human love and peace,
And bidding party strife and hatred cease ?
Or, have we not been something *too sectarian*,
Or rather *nothingarian*,
Taking, how oft, delight in
Internal broils and fighting ;

Setting *Beliefs* to battle,
To make a show and rattle ;
Inciting each poor brother
To rush upon some other ;
Cursing the man, with bitterness of tone,
Who would not sell *his* creed and take *our own* ;
Instead of casting off the bigot's fetter,
And doing what we could to make men better ?
So—while disputing day by day,
How God to worship, in what *form* to pray—
Neglecting to set forth—proclaim
Jehovah's attributes and name ;
To raise the fallen from the sod,
Or teach him that there *is a God* !

Oh ! mockery, forsooth,
Of God—of Christian truth !
Oh ! sad misuse of knowledge, zeal, and time,
When men grow up untutored—save for crime—
Living, like forest boars,
Even at our church doors !
“ I knows to sweep the crossing—and that's all.”
Oh ! for the earnest—the soul-stirring Paul,
To raise his voice, as erst of old,
And with a mighty spirit, bold,
“ The unknown God” declare,
Through alley, street, and square ?

Or, must Christ again come down,
And in the royal town
Be offered up, ere men shall *know*, and *feel*,
There is a God, to whom they ought to kneel?

“I know to sweep the crossing.” In that day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And rich and poor shall meet
Before the judgment seat;
'Twere well, if there be writ on no life-scroll—
“*No man cared for my soul!*”

GOOD WE MIGHT DO.

WE all might do good
Where we often do ill,
There is always the way,
If we have but the will :
Though it be but a word,
Kindly breathed, or suppressed,
It may guard off some wrong,
Or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good
In a thousand small ways—
In forbearing to flatter,
Yet yielding *due* praise ;
In spurning ill rumour ;
Reproving wrong done ;
And treating but kindly
Each heart we have won.

We all might do good,
Whether lowly or great,
For the deed is not gauged
By the purse or estate:
If it be but a cup
Of cold water that's given,
Like the widow's two mites,
It is something for heaven.

TRY.

WHEN Hope was first sent down to man,
To cheer and aid him in each plan,
And saw that he was apt to sigh
For means that in himself might lie ;
This simple truth she breathed around,
Wherever tribes of men she found—
That those who would Fate's frown defy,
Must hope and trust, and trust and *try* !

So, since that time, no listless fears
Have clipped the number of man's years,
But he has sought to win each prize
That Hope has held before his eyes :
Till now—what often she denied—
Man takes—nor waits for wind or tide—
For he who would Fate's frown defy,
Must hope and trust, and trust and *try* !

“BE MERRY AND WISE!”

O, life is a banquet of pleasure,
For mortals to taste of designed,
And he who sits down to’t at leisure
Can have any dish to his mind :
Wit and humour are always in season,
And a thousand delights we must prize—
But the lord of the table is Reason,
Who bids us be merry **AND** wise.

True mirth is a friend to good feeling,
To happiness, comfort, and health—
When reason its light is revealing
We’re nearer to honour and wealth.
The soul that feeds but upon folly,
And mocks every hour as it flies,
May think itself wondrously “jolly,”
But say, is it merry **AND** wise ?

When sitting, then, down at life's table,
To use, not dishonour its cheer,
Let us feast on as long as we're able,
Nor e'er discontented appear;
But bow to each fate in its season,
Each sunshine that gladdens our eyes—
But the lord of the table is Reason,
Who bids us be merry AND wise.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

READ and ponder—read and ponder—
 Mark it wisely, mark it well,
'Tis a truth of wisdom's teaching,
 As the oldest heads can tell;
For, of all the gifts of fortune,
 Howsoe'er those gifts we scan,
There's not one like Self-dependence
 For the self-respect of man.
Boots it little what the labour,
 He who schemes or he who delves,
It is known the wide world over—
 “God helps them who help themselves.”

Fortune ever strews her favours
 Where they will not be despised;
That which is not worth the gaining
 Ever is but lightly prized.

Means and ways we have within us,
Suited to each time and place,
And the worst of ills must vanish,
When confronted face to face.
Learn to swim without assistance,
Fear not to strike out alone ;
He who trusts for strength to others,
Never can have tried his own.
Strength increases with the using—
Powers that dwarfed and useless lie,
May possess the force of giants,
If those powers we only try.

Let the spirit of the fable,
In the heart, itself reveal,
Give up listless grief, and bravely
“ Put the shoulder to the wheel.”
Putting on true Self-dependence,
He who does the best he can,
Such a one the world may honour
With the chartered name of MAN.
Summon, then, your utmost efforts,
Leave none rusting on the shelves ;
It is known the wide world over—
“ God helps them who help themselves.”

PRAYER OF KOSSUTH.

LORD GOD of Arpad's warriors,
Look, from thy throne of stars,
Upon afflicted Hungary—
Her children's wrongs and scars.
To thee a million earnest prayers
From patriot hearts ascend :
Rise, God, and fight their battles, thou
Creator, Guardian, Friend !

Thy sun, the torch of Liberty,
Irradiates the skies,
As lighting to a glorious grave
Each corpse that round me lies.
Thy heavens are blue—the carpet fair,
Beneath thy footsteps spread—
But the green earth of thy making
With hallowed blood is red.

Send, God, upon these fallen ones
Thy Spirit's genial ray,
That not one lifeless image here
May perish in decay ;
But that from these rude scattered seeds
Immortal flowers may bloom,
And shed a spirit-grandeur round
The martyr-heroes' tomb.

God of the Nations far and wide !
God of my ancient sires !
Preserve on this blood-altar scene
The light of Freedom's fires.
Oh ! let the murd'rous tyrant's arm
Fall powerless 'neath thine own,
And every thunder of our bolts
Be answered in thy tone.

'Tis sacrifices such as these
That sanctify the earth—
That purge it from corrupting sin,
And give thy glory birth.
This soil of thine must never hold
A captive nation's slaves,
Nor fierce barbarians trample down,
And riot o'er its graves.

Father ! Almighty Father ! God
Of heaven, of earth, and sea !
Make all the nations of the earth
High-minded, noble, free !
Blast with the lightning of thy glance,
And prostrate in the dust,
The savage hordes whose conquests are
But infamy and lust.

Lo ! a light prophetic, rising
From the bodies of the slain,
Illumines far the battle-front,
And lights the battle-plain—
The outward robe and veil it is
Of spirits soaring high,
As marching from the fatal field
They travel to the sky.

God, in thy mercy, bless their dust,
And cherish long their fame,
By blotting out the despot race—
The despot's power and name.
Our sword, our shield, our fortress be,
To victory lead the way,
Or bury, in one bloody grave,
The war-wolf and his prey.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Go, and wander on the mountain,
In the valley, by the rill ;
Hear the forest roar its thunder,
And the free bird sing at will ;
Contemplate the changing seasons,
And the gifts to earth they throw,
Of the God who made them, singing,
As they come, and as they go.

Sitting down in sunny places,
With the fresh wind on your cheek,
Let the holy voice of nature
To your inmost spirit speak.
In the blade, the leaf, the blossom,
As in thinking man, we find,
There are voices, there are beauties,
For the ear and eye of Mind.

Oh ! ye dwellers of the city,
Who in handicraft excel ;
Who, with mighty heart and sinew,
Work so bravely, work so well :
Bringing from the world of matter
Properties and wonders rare,
Which the hand of God hath planted,
For your searching wisdom, there :

Is there nothing on the mountain,
In the valley and the flower,
Beyond what satisfieth
For the pleasure of the hour ?
No priceless treasure hidden,
That hath power the heart to bless ?
Go, and ask those spirit-teachers,
And their voice shall answer—"Yes!"

Staves from Fancy's Ladder.

TO

VISCOUNT GODERICH.

MY LORD,

IN associating the name of your Lordship with these "Staves" from the Lathe of "Fancy," let me not be unmindful of the duty I owe alike to your Lordship, and myself, to state, that, in doing so, I am not yielding to a custom having no other recommendation than usage, but simply design to show my admiration of those noble qualities and that kindly spirit which appear to form so large and hopeful an element in your Lordship's character.

With these feelings,

I have the honour to be,

Your Lordship's faithful Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

FAIR RIVER.

FAIR river, as thou glid'st along,
In playful glee, with flowing song,
And golden clouds reposing lie
Reflected in thy glassy eye—

I turn to meet the glance of one
Who lately wandered near thy side—
Alas ! alas ! though bright, 'tis gone—
Death's waters now our hearts divide.

Thy margin's flowers their rich hues wear,
And fling their sweet breath on the air ;
The wild bird through the livelong day
Attunes to thee his cheerful lay—

I turn to press the hand of one
Who lately wandered near thy side—
Alas ! alas ! that hand is gone—
Death's waters now our hearts divide.

At eve the lustrous stars come out,
To hail thee with a far-off shout,
And spirit-breathings on the wind
An echo in thy waters find—

I turn to hear the tones of one
Who lately wandered near thy side—
Alas ! alas ! those tones are gone—
Death's waters now our hearts divide.

HURRAH FOR TWENTY-ONE!

YOUTH, fresh youth, is a glorious time,
When the spirit, free from care,
Of its own bright strength can upward climb,
Like the eagle poised in air.
No passion or tumult swells the heart,
Rife only with dreams of joy,
Oh! who in his soul would wish to part
With the proud hopes of the boy?
Still, as the sands in Time's hour-glass run,
And the first years glide away,
He shouteth hurrah, for twenty-one!
Oh! hasten the happy day!

Manhood, too, is a glorious time,
And bringeth out mighty thought—
The spirit refuseth then to climb,
Except as by wisdom taught.

Pure Love alights with its rainbow wings,
And maketh the old seem new,
While up to the mind's bright vision springs
The work of a life to do.
Still, as the sands in Time's hour-glass run,
And the bright years glide away,
He shouteth hurrah, for twenty-one!
And now is the happy day!

Age, old age, is a glorious time,
When the storms of life are past,
And the soul's barque nearing a brighter clime
Anchors on Faith at last:
Than in youth and manhood a clearer light
Breaks in on the aged breast,
When, dying, he biddeth the world "good night,"
And enters the port of rest.
Still, as the sands in Time's hour-glass run,
And the last years glide away,
He shouteth hurrah, for twenty-one!
In memory of the day.

THE HAVEN OF FRIENDSHIP.

THERE's nothing half so dear to me,
In all my native land,
As the warm glance of friendship's eye,
The clasp of friendship's hand ;
For friendship is the only thing
That outlives fortune's ray,
And blesses, when all other joys
Have changed or died away.

'Tis like the pitcher plant that blooms
Within the desert wide,
From which, when other sources fail,
The cooling draught's supplied :
And when misfortune's night sets in,
And storms disturb the breast,
The friendly heart affords at once
A haven and a rest.

THE BOLD SEA WAVE.

ON ! strong and brave is the bold sea wave,
And free as the wingless wind ;
With swelling tides o'er the deep it rides,
And the white spray leaves behind :
The sun goes down, and his kingly crown
We cease for awhile to see,
But the bold bright wave still tunes its stave
In the deep ears of the sea.

When the storm comes out and voices shout
For help, o'er the gurgling main,
Till the stars that gave their light to the wave
Are frightened back again—
Then the bold wave's heard, like a wild sea-bird,
Careering on its way,
Till it gains the shore and raves the more,
When its locks with rage turn grey.

DEARER THAN EVER.

DEARER than ever, hour by hour,
Thy young heart's truth becomes to mine ;
I would not, if I had the power,
 Dissolve the spell that makes me thine.
So sweet a dream, to lull to rest
 The storms of passion, when they rise,
Reflects, within the slumb'ring breast,
 The calm of unclouded skies.

Oh ! oft with melting eyes I gaze,
 And feels my soul thy secret worth,
Thou light of all my future days,
 And altar of my hopes on earth !
And when thy warm and blushing cheek
 Recals the colour from mine own,
I feel what lips can never speak,
 And none but faithful hearts have known !

THE CORAL CAVES.

ROUND and round the coral bower
Fairies dance the livelong day,
Watchful, lest the water's power
Bear some jutting reef away.

Now they whisper, now they sing,
To the laughter of the waves,
As their welcome song they bring
To the distant coral caves.

See they enter, and prepare
For the transports of the night;
Wreathing, in their shining hair,
Coral branches snowy white—

Hark ! an echo, low and sweet,
As they press the sleeping waves,
Makes soft music to their feet,
In the silent coral caves.

Once again their hands entwine,
And the banquet being spread,
Lo ! the white reef, stained with wine,
Like a maiden blushes red.

Now the festal rite is o'er,
Day has peeped into the waves,
And the fairies dance once more
Round about the coral caves.

GLORIOUS PLANETS.

GLORIOUS planets ! ye bright eyes of heaven,
Clustering, like gems, on the calm breast of Even ;
Ye are the watchers of Night in its glory,
The vespers that chime out its time-hallowed story.
Well might the ancient seers worship ye lowly,
Cling to your beams with a faith deep and holy ;
Where are the gifted who would not salute ye,
Sing of your lustre, and honour your beauty ?

Glorious planets !—unceasing in motion,
The seaman takes heart when ye light up the ocean ;
The traveller roaming through wilds rude and dreary,
Espies your glad presence, and never grows weary.
No time—no event, your devotion estranges,
Ye note, but still heed not the world's silent changes.
Clear is your course as the fast flowing river,
Hymning the great song of nature for ever.

THE KNIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

A SERENADE.

“Look down, love, while the moonlit hours
Rest on the tranquil sea,
And let thine eyes’ expressive beams
Sweet love-vows breathe to me ;
While every star that shines above
Bids fond hearts closer cling ;
Look down, love, from thy lattice high,
And hear thy true knight sing—
Oh ! come, dear Gertrude, come with me,
To other climes away,
And our two hearts shall beat as one
Before the close of day.

Your sire is locked in slumber deep,
Around there breathes no tone ;
Though danger, aye, and death I'd brave,
To make you, love, my own.
The only sound that breaks the calm
These blissful moments bring,
Is yonder watch-dog's fitful bark,
Which mocks me while I sing—
Oh ! come, dear Gertrude, come with me,
To other climes away,
And our two hearts shall beat as one
Before the close of day.”

A maiden form the window nears ;
(What more could knight require ?)
He mounts the wall—extends his arms,
And in them folds—her sire !
“ Oh ! treachery ! ” he cries, and down
He from the casement springs,
Bounds to his steed, and gallops off,
Nor once looks back—but sings—
“ Enough, dear madam, I'll be off,
Before the break of day,
And hang me, madam, if again
I'm ever caught this way.”

TIME'S FAITH.

ONCE Time and Death together sought
A lowly peasant's clean fire-side,
Where, bright as summer sunbeams, sat
Three rosy boys, a mother's pride.
Death paused—enamoured of the smiles
That on their features sweetly played,
And rushed to strike the youngest one,—
His hand was on his quiver laid
When Time, of golden promise full,
Entreated him with words so fair,
His hand relaxed, he turned aside,
And fixed the fatal shaft elsewhere.

Again Death sought that peasant's cot,
And as the threshold he drew near,
Strange sounds of grief and misery
Struck, like a knell, upon his ear—

One little one complained of cold,
One wept, and vainly asked for bread,
The other, in his mother's lap,
Had found a pillow for his head.
When this Death saw, and found that Time
Had broken faith with each young breast,
He wiped the flatt'ring record out,
And laid their guiltless hearts to rest.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful, love-breathing flowers,
Nursed by the spring in a cradle of showers ;
Kissed by the bee, in the sun's golden light,
And fondled by zephyrs the whole of the night ;
While odours exhale from your delicate leaves,
To soothe and to gladden the spirit that grieves ;
As if, with an instinct of sympathy rare,
Ye whispered of hope to the children of care.

Beautiful, beautiful, love-breathing things,
Cells where the fairies lie folding their wings ;
Weareth the rainbow a mellowing hue
That hath not been borrowed or stolen from you ?
Beautiful gems of the glorious earth,
How were ye fashioned, and when had ye birth ?
'Twas Eden, glad Eden, that smiled into flowers,
When first rose the sun from his orient bowers !

ONE SMILE OF THINE.

One smile of thine—one parting smile,
To cheer me on my lonely way,
Ere all that should this heart beguile,
Like summer blossoms, fades away.
We ne'er, perchance, may meet again,
Nor see the smile of bygone years,
But live in solitude and pain,
Companied by returning tears.

One smile of thine—if not too much
To ask, ere we for aye do part;
Though that instinctive smile may touch
The keenest fibres of my heart:
Yet I the pang will gladly bear,
If purchased by a smile of thine,
For earth has not a face so fair
As that which beameth now on mine.

One smile of thine—'tis only one,
And will not leave thee one the less,
(When I from these bright scenes am gone,)
To win a blessing or to bless.
'Tis done! I thank thee,—love, farewell!
The last connecting link is riven;
Now, wheresoe'er my spirit dwell,
That smile of thine shall be its heaven.

THE MINSTREL OLD AND GREY.

AN aged minstrel sat him down
Beneath the autumn sun,
To wake a well-remembered theme,
Ere life's last sands were run—
Feeble and palsied was his hand,
His bare head silv'ry grey—
And thus, with trembling voice, and tears,
He sang his plaintive lay :—

“ Ah ! happy once this heart of mine,
When youth's sun shone for me,
And Hope's voice in a whisper came
Replete with melody—
Life, life was then a holy thing,
Smiles lit its every day”—
But here the minstrel's voice grew faint
With—“ now I'm old and grey.”

Again the minstrel struck his harp,
To sing of manhood's days,
When sweet thought tells how love has birth,
But not how it decays—
Yet while, in mem'ry, to those hours
His spirit seemed to stray,
The chords he touched more plainly told
That he was old and grey.

Of Friendship's faith he would have sung,
But strength began to fail,
And chill winds beat around his brow,
As though to hush the tale—
Of *all* who loved, not *one* remained
To gladden life's lone way—
The harp fell from the minstrel's hand—
The minstrel old and grey.

TAKE BACK THY GIFT.

TAKE back the treasured gift at last,
Thy gentle fingers placed in mine,
Since it recalls the happy past,
When I was cheered by smiles of thine.
Take back, take back the only gift
From which my mem'ry ne'er shall part,
For, oh! believe me, it has left
A lasting impress on my heart.

Take back, take back the fatal prize
That will remind my heart of thee,
And bid me love those gentle eyes
Mine own, perhaps, no more may see.
Whate'er my fate in after-years,
Caressed or scathed by fortune's blast,
My heart, a fount of unwept tears,
Shall throb in silence to the last.

THE LAST HOPE OF NORAH.

THE stars were keeping watch above
When Norah went, with grief anew,
To end her short-lived day of love
With that undying word, adieu !
She sat her down beside the stream,
Where oft they'd met in warm embrace,
And memory, in a sudden gleam,
Brought back Hope's sunshine to her face.

He came—a smile was on his brow—
Her heart was torn with inward fear ;
He knew that heart was hopeless now,
And yet its prayer he would not hear.
To richer maiden, far away,
(A sordid spirit deemed more fair,)
His restless thoughts e'en then would stray,
Unmindful of her deep despair.

The word was breathed—the fatal word,
Which still should linger in her ears—
Whatever feelings might be stirred—
Throughout her life's embittered years.
With hasty step he trod the ground,
She saw him, smiling still, depart,
And each more distant footfall's sound
Increased the void in Norah's heart.

SUMMER GEMS.

LOVELY, perfumed gems of summer,
Blushing in the face of day,
Drinking in, with lips of odour,
Pleasure from each sunny ray :
Know ye aught of joy, or sorrow ?
Can your fibres thrill with pain,
That the light your beauty sheddeth,
Perisheth from earth again ?

Love's warm sunshine, gems of summer,
Beameth on your parent bed,
Tends you through life's changing stages,
Mourneth o'er your leaves when dead :
Children of a clime, whose glory
Fadeth not with length of years,
But restoreth us, in gladness,
Those we parted from in tears.

LOVE THY SIRE, LITTLE ONE.

LITTLE one, playful one, sweetener of life,
Soothe of sorrow, beguiler of strife—
Fair as the sunbeam and free as the wind,
Buoyant and chainless thy spirit and mind :
Love thy sire, little one—climb on his knee—
Kiss him, caress him, his good angel be—
Love thy sire, little one, for he loves thee.

Sorrows and trials await him each day—
Ready his heart oft to faint by the way—
Thou art his Oasis, cheering life's waste,
Lead him on, smooth his path, ever thou mayst :
Love thy sire, little one—climb on his knee—
Kiss him—embrace him—his good angel be—
Love thy sire, little one, for he loves thee.

WE MET AS OLD FRIENDS.

WE met, as old friends meet, to part,
We parted ne'er to meet again,
Sighs choked the utt'rance of each heart,
And left it struggling with its pain.
A red tinge gathered on the cheek,
Then cold and pale as death it grew ;
Could tears for love and mem'ry speak,
How easily we'd breathed adieu.

We parted, as the autumn leaf,
By night winds shaken from the bough ;
Thy day of happiness was brief,
And desolate my heart is now.
One future still before us lies,
To tread life's wilderness alone,
And read the hopes in other eyes
That once lent lustre to our own.

OLD ARTHUR LOVED HIS LITTLE JANE.

OLD Arthur loved his little Jane,
A young and trusting child ;
And she as truly clung to him,
With spirit undefiled.

For ever would he sit and watch,
When she was lost in play,
And give his feelings vent in tears,
To see her look so gay.

In summer, when the garden plot
Its cheerful verdure wore,
She'd take the old man by the hand,
And lead him to the door ;
When winter came, and biting winds
Blew down the old green lane,
She'd run outside, and laugh at him,
Beneath the window pane.

Too pure and innocent for earth
Was that unconscious child—
Death, in a slow disease, came on,
She felt its touch, and smiled.
The old man wept, and spoke to her
Of spring's return again—
But, ere it came, her voice was gone
From out the old green lane.

HER BASHFUL TRESSES SHUNNED THE WIND.

HER bashful tresses shunned the wind,
While sunbeams drank her lip's sweet dew,
And every bough her path that lined,
Bowed down to pay its homage too.
The very flowers beneath her feet,
Serenely nestling in the grass,
Bent low their heads her form to greet,
And hear her fairy footsteps pass.

Resolved to heed no lover's strain,
Each year sweet Ellen saw depart
Some suitor, who had sought to gain
An interest in her maiden heart ;
For neither youth nor wealth had power
To fire her breast with passion's flame—
Yet suitors sighed and sued each hour,
And Ellen's heart remained the same.

“ My sire is old, and poor, and grey,”—
Thus ever would the maid reply—
“ And were I from him ta’en away,
Oh ! he would break his heart, and die.
My mother in her grave sleeps on,
And I alone am left behind,
To lighten, since all else is gone,
The winter of the old man’s mind !”

THE DOMESTIC WIFE.

By heaven, whose blessings fall alike
In sunshine and in rain,
The everlasting links were forged
Of wedlock's golden chain :
A flaw, concealed within the ore,
May start in angry strife,
But not the less a blessing is
The fond domestic wife.

Within her husband's mine of love
Her world of joy she makes,
And dearer that bright world becomes,
When all beside forsakes :
His household is an altar fair,
With holy pleasure rife ;
Oh ! happy he, whose priestess there
Is a domestic wife.

Time's hand may scatter o'er the brow
A trace of winter's snow,
Or inward sorrow barely leave
A cherished hope below ;
But still her faith will struggle through
Those darker hours of life,
And cheer his heart, whose love enfolds
A fond domestic wife.

MY BEAUTIFUL—MY OWN.

—

Oh! wherefore art thou gone away,
My beautiful, my own;
Thy laughing eye sealed up in death,
And hushed thy merry tone?
Wert thou too beautiful for earth,
Or, in the realms of day,
Did sister angels watch thee, love,
That thou art gone away?

Thou wert a something in my heart
That weaned it back from sin—
That oped its fleshly doors to let
A glimpse of heaven in.
Thou wert the sunshine of the hearth,
The spirit-watcher there,
That crowded it with holy thoughts,
And tuned the soul to prayer.

Oh! wherefore art thou gone away,
In thy life's opening spring,
Like that sweet flower, that ere the eve
Droops its head, withering?
Yet not in vain thy early death,
My beautiful, my own,
If but the voice of God I hear
In thy remembered tone.

THE OLD PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Look, look, where they hang on the wainscoted walls,
Mid the silence and gloom of these desolate halls ;
Surrounded by mildew, and dust, and decay,
Fit emblems of things that are passing away—
While a whisper, a footstep, the sound of a door,
Wakes the echoes that sleep round the dark corridor
And call to these old things—now robbed of their
prime—

As though they were ghosts of the vanished old time.

Alas ! what strange havoc Time makes in his flight,
What glories he hurls to the darkness of night,
What relics are scattered—what links cast aside,
Of the loved, of the brave—who have lived, who have
died ;

As if in the cycle of ages till now,
He had wiped them away with the sweat from his brow—
Till the canvas—that only lives on to the last—
Like a tablet is hung o'er the grave of the past.

ASK FROM ME NO IDLE VOW.

Ask from me no idle vow—
Only faithless lovers swear—
If sincere and true art thou,
Deem my motives then as fair.
But if, with a winning tongue,
Thou dost flatter to betray,
As thy heart would do me wrong,
So I'd cast that heart away.

Oh ! as oft is woman's way,
I might vow in words divine,
But, were I inclined to stray,
Would that vow preserve me thine ?
Trust me as thy love is pure,
Doubt me when a change I see ;
She, indeed, were doubly poor,
Who, unloved, kept faith with thee.

THE SUN AND THE FLOWERS.

HIS Sunship one morn left his pillow at three,
As thoughtful and grave as a monarch could be,
For dreams of old Bacchus and fantasies light
Had troubled his vision the whole of the night :
When, casting a glance from his grey eastern bowers,
To wake from their slumber the indolent Hours,
His Sunship beheld—what astonished his view—
The flowers getting drunk with the globules of dew.

“ So, so,”—thought his Sunship—“ thus much for your
pains,
I’ll scorch you all up till no life-juice remains.”
Then he sent forth his beams, like the Simoom’s hot
breath,
Till the flowers hung their heads, as if sinking in death;
But no sooner did Sol, in the cool evening, wane,
Than these bacchanals turned to their orgies again ;
And nightly, since then, like bold spirits and true,
The flowers have got drunk with the globules of dew.

THE EMPRESS OF THE SEA.

Of all the lands whose lustrous fame
Inspires the ardent breast,
Old England has the brightest name
By country e'er possessed :
Her power goes forth where'er the sun
Shines on the proudly free,
And world-wide laurels she has won,
As Empress of the Sea.

Her love of honour, freedom true,
Where'er her flag's unfurled,
Has set a bright example to
The nations of the world :
Nor breathes the stranger to her shore,
Whoever he may be,
But hails Old England, as of yore,
The Empress of the Sea.

THE OLD, THE SUN-BURNT MARINER.

THE old, the sun-burnt mariner,
A hardy man was he,
And two-score years and ten had toiled
Upon the dang'rous sea—
And now his spirit yearned for home,
To lay him down to sleep—
But the grave of the old mariner
Was in the silent deep.

The vessel homeward swiftly sped,
But ere they reached the land,
Pale death the brave old mariner
Took gently by the hand.
They lowered him to his ocean bed,
All eyes were seen to weep ;
For the grave of the old mariner
Was in the silent deep.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOPE.

THERE's a hope deeply nursed in an Englishman's breast—

Firm and strong as the Lebanon tree
That stands in the forest, its monarch confessed,
True type of the grand and the free—
'Tis the hope that his country her glory may shed
O'er the page of historic renown,
And the patriot deeds of her unconquered dead
To the future be long handed down.

Long, long may this hope lead the valiant, the true,
To uphold and extend England's fame,
Till the forest and jungle shall shelter but few
That have heard not the sound of her name ;
For nations around her may totter and fall,
Still the heart of Britannia shall beat,
While millions unborn her past glories recal,
As they prostrate themselves at her feet !

WHEN THEY TOLD ME HE HAD
FLATTERED.

WHEN they told me he had flattered,
Had crushed other hearts before,
I dismissed him from my bosom,
Vowed he ne'er should see me more—
But, ere long, a change came o'er me,
When I saw his altered mien,
And the world, half scornful, told me,
I his spirit's curse had been.

Since they chid his fancied weakness,
And rebuked my woman's pride,
I'll never heed the world's tale more,
Whatever may betide.
I know that purest love and truth,
And hearts as warm as mine,
Have oft been wronged and sacrificed
At falsehood's hollow shrine.

THE MOONLIGHT ECHO.

SWEET and truthful is the echo
 Heard in yonder vale,
Oft at moonlit hour repeating
 Lovers' whispered tale ;
Like a saucy cuckoo mocking
 Every little word,
Growing fainter, as the last lay
 Of a dozing bird

Comes at last the hour of parting
 To each happy breast,
When into the briefest language
 Years of love are pressed.
Echo then, a charmed list'ner,
 With a wild delight,
Startles glen, and wood, and valley,
 With its—“ Love, good night ! ”

I SAW A BRIGHTER EYE LAST NIGHT.

I saw a brighter eye last night
Than I have seen for many a day,
And even now its starry light
Around my spirit's path doth play :
It seemed to breathe some magic theme,
Whose gentle truth the heart might move,
As it had watched an angel dream,
And ta'en that dream for earthly love.

'Twas not th' expression of that eye,
Nor yet its soft reflective hue ;
My heart, perhaps, had passed these by,
If mem'ry could have passed them, too :
But oh ! a charm beyond the power
Of human language e'er to tell,
And every moment seems an hour
Unless I in its presence dwell.

LOVE AND KINDNESS.

O, love and kindness, gentle theme !
What other words have equal power
O'er time and life, to make them seem
But as the wings of one sweet hour ?
What other words can soothe the breast,
Or bid it swell with fond desire,
Till thoughts and feelings unexpressed
In tranquil happiness expire ?

A word of kindness, like the sun
Warm shining on a wintry day,
With fervid breath melts, one by one,
The snows of hearts grown cold away—
While Love, as 'twere an angel sent
To breathe of the returning spring,
Smiles down from Heaven's own firmament
And bids us to each other cling.

MY HEART IS BANKRUPT.

My heart is bankrupt—day by day,
Some cherished object sees decay,
While Mem'ry more tenacious clings,
As Time bears down Hope's failing wings.
No future joy can e'er atone
For friendships dead, and pleasures flown,
When clouds that gather o'er life's sky
But leave the springs of passion dry.

There is a grief will waste away,
Though all around look calm and gay ;
There is a fever of the heart,
That only may with life depart :
As fades the leaf, when autumn's blast
Proclaims the summer hours are past,
So droops the heart when Mem'ry's tread
Disturbs the leaves of fond hopes dead.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

THE old familiar faces !

O, how oft they meet and mingle—
Come and fill their well-known places

By the bedside and the ingle.

When the long, dark evenings gather

O'er the leaf-strewn earth, benighted—
Brother, sister, mother, father,

Come unbidden—uninvited—

Then the old familiar faces

Come and fill their well-known places.

When, attuned by Mem'ry's fingers,

Melodies of old times greet us,

And the heart, arrested, lingers

Where glad smiles were wont to meet us,

Listening for the words of kindness—

Words of sympathy and gladness—

Meant to cure our every blindness—

Soothe us in the hour of sadness ;

Then the old familiar faces

Come and fill their well-known places.

When upon some faded token,

That recalleth days departed—

Hope's sweet blossoms crushed and broken—

Gaze we, till the tear has started ;

Clad in their immortal beauty—

Spirit-visitants from heaven,

To remind us of our duty—

Rivet links that Time has riven ;

Then the old familiar faces

Come and fill their well-known places.

When, of those whom death has taken,

And for whom our love is yearning,

Silent, holy thoughts awaken—

Wishing but for their returning—

And the hearth is cold and dreary,

And the vacant chair beside it

Makes the mourner's heart grow weary

Of the fate that does betide it ;

Then the old familiar faces

Come and fill their well-known places.

When, in prayer, devoutly kneeling,
And the household world without us,
Answ'ring to the heart's revealing,
Seems like paradise about us ;
And the voice of supplication
For a moment does restore us
To each friend—each dear relation,
Who has passed away before us ;
Then the old familiar faces
Come and fill their well-known places.

The old familiar faces !
Erased from memory never,
Come and fill their well-known places—
Dwell with us, unseen, for ever.
From our gaze they may have perished—
Parent, child, and good adviser,
But the love in life they cherished
Stays to bless and make us wiser—
So the old familiar faces
Come and fill their well-known places.

LIZZY LEE.

OH! not with scornful, clouded face,
In which but angry thoughts I trace ;
Nor yet with cold and silent mien,
In which mistrust and doubt are seen ;
Nor yet with smiles that seem to say,
And answer, " Yes"—while meaning " Nay ;"
Look thou upon me, Lizzy Lee,
Lest I should be the same to thee.

But with a love so true and warm,
Each angry thought it shall disarm ;
With eyes so clear, and full of mirth,
That they shall look like stars on earth ;
With tones so full of tenderness,
My heart may never love thine less—
Cling thus unto me, Lizzy Lee,
And I will be the same to thee.

Stones from Jacob's Ladder.



TO

JOHN JAMES HARRISON, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

ENCOURAGED by your good opinion, and cheered by your genial sympathy, I venture to lay these sacred “Staves” on the altar of that “personal friendship,” in the remembrance of which I feel both flattered and grateful. Wishing you and yours a safe ascent up the golden “ladder” of life,

I subscribe myself,

Yours, ever sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

CHURCH HISTORY

BY
J. H. BREWER

WITH A HISTORY OF
THE CHURCH OF
THE BAPTISTS

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Sabbath Lyrics.

No. I.—THE OFFERING.

1 Samuel, i.

FORTH on her holy embassy,
With placid brow and fair,
To dedicate her child she went
Up to the house of prayer ;
For she, in darker, childless hours,
Her spirit out had poured,
And vowed the answer to her cry
She'd offer to the Lord.

His little hand in hers was placed,—
And running by her side,
She knew a holy charge he was,
And felt a mother's pride.
But little of the journey long,
Or scenes before them spread,
Did Hannah reck—enough for her
That they to Zion led.

And now, the hallowed Temple gained,
With joy-betokening tears,
She asks a blessing on her gift,
And God in secret hears.
“Farewell! my first, my only one”—
She looks, but cannot say,
And with a patient spirit treads
Her lonely homeward way.

No. 2.—JOSEPH.

Genesis, xlv.

SAY, does he live, that aged one
My yearning eyes have longed to see,
And have ye come at his command,
My brethren, to buy corn of me ?
Why shrink ye back ? Why stand aghast ?
Why wonder at my falling tears ?
Is't that ye hear the old man's voice
Appealing to your guilty fears ?

How does the old man, is he well,
My sire of unforgotten days ?
My heart misgives, or 'twould recal
His kindness in a thousand ways.
Come nearer, I am Joseph still,
And not the outcast whom ye sold ;
My heart is still with Israel,
In spite of Egypt's crown and gold.

Regret not that ye drove me thence,
The hand of Providence was near,
And led me, in your day of want,
To find a harvest for you here ;
That Israel's grief, and Israel's need,
Obedient to the chast'ning rod,
Might prove they cannot trust in vain,
Whose only faith is fixed on God.

No. 3.—DAUGHTERS OF THE HOLY CITY.

St. Luke, xxiii.

DAUGHTERS of the Holy City,
Standing by your Saviour's side,
Cease the voice of lamentation,
Check the gush of sorrow's tide !
Here I lay aside the burden,
Freely borne—
Daughters of the Holy City,
Cease to mourn !

Daughters of the Holy City,
Evil days are coming fast,
When the cry of deepest anguish
Shall be heard above the blast !
For yourselves and children sorrow—
Not for me ;
Daughters of the Holy City,
Woe to ye !

No. 4.—“BE NOT AFRAID; 'TIS I.”

Matthew, xiv.

Be not afraid, 'tis I
Who walk the mighty deep—
Who bid the storm pass by,
And rock the waves to sleep :
Though mountain billows swell,
And thunders shake the sky,
A breath of mine can quell—
Be not afraid, 'tis I.

Be not afraid, 'tis I !
And have ye aught to fear ?
Can danger e'er be nigh,
And God, too, not be near ?
“O ye of little faith !”
Who raise the feeble cry
To Him, who *ever* saith—
Be not afraid, 'tis I !

No. 5.—“THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.”

Genesis, xvi.

LORD, thou art ever present;
In waking hours or sleep,
Thy spirit doth its vigils
 Around me ever keep.
Each thought that lives in secret
 Is fully known to thee ;
Oh ! may I then remember
 That thou, God, seest me.

Lord, thou art ever present,
 For thou art everywhere ;
The mountain is thy dwelling—
 In ocean's depths thou'rt there.
Beyond the distant planets,
 Where thought can farthest flee,
Unseen thou movest and dwellest,
 Thine eye still fixed on me.

Lord, thou art ever present
To succour and console,
To cheer the heavenward pilgrim
And guide him to life's goal ;
Beset by griefs and tempests,
His refuge is in Thee ;
Oh ! may I then remember
That thou, God, seest me.

No. 6.—“THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.”

PURER than Siloam's waters,
Or Bethesda's troubled tide,
Is the stream that ever floweth
Freely from the Saviour's side.
Crimsoned though the mighty torrent,
Let afflicted mortals know,
It can still revive the drooping,
Wash the *vilest* white as snow.

Love it was unsealed that fountain,
Mercy 'twas sent forth the stream,
When on Calv'ry man's redemption
Swelled the angels' lofty theme.
Flowing still, it ceaseth never,
Cleansing still, it ne'er shall cease,
Till the farthest, rudest nations
Rise and bless the Prince of Peace.

Mountain Lays for the Sabbath.

No. 1.—ARARAT.

Genesis, ix. 13.

WHEN the terrible wrath of Jehovah came down,
And deluge and darkness swept over the earth,
When the last race of man saw the Holy One frown,
And wash out the records that told of his birth ;
Thou, Ararat, lifting thy broad peak on high,
Looked over the scene as in ruin it lay,
And felt not the hand of destruction was nigh,
Though all else beside thee was hurled to decay.

Upborne by the merciful arm of the Lord,
The ark from its hiding place rose with the deep,
As the torrents were chafed with the thunders that
 roared,
 Till it rested on thee, like a giant asleep.
Then the dove plumed her wing, and the fierce waters
 ran
 From the earth, as it lay in its desolate shroud,
While shone forth the promise from Maker to man,
 And God fixed his covenant Bow in the cloud.

No. 2.—SINAI.

Exodus, xix. 20.

JEHOVAH spake from Sinai,
In tones like thunder heard,
And the awe-stricken multitude
Shrank trembling at His word.
The glory that enwrapt it then
Has never since been seen by men.

Moses, the man of God, alone,
With reverent step drew nigh,
And pierced the cloud that darkly veiled
His awful majesty.
No form, no feature, Moses saw,
Yet God himself 'twas gave the law.

No. 3.—ZION.

1 Kings, viii.

DRAW near to Zion's holy hill,
Where Alpha's temple stands,
And in majestic awe looks down
Upon the fertile lands.
There, God his habitation makes
Amongst the sons of men,
And waiteth for the meanest ones
Who seek his love again.

In silence did that structure rise
Above the busy earth,
And sacred joy and solemn fear
Closed o'er the voice of mirth.
One other Zion, nobler still,
With constant praise doth ring—
The everlasting throne and rest
Of heaven's Eternal King.

No. 4.—HOREB.

1 Kings, xix.

ELIJAH was standing at Horeb's cave,
Whither he hastened, his life to save,
 And the might of the Lord went past.
Fiercely the wind swept to and fro—
Fiercely the earthquake heaved below—
Fiercer the scorching fiery glow—
Yet God was not in these signs of woe,
 When the might of the Lord went past.

On the mount of God, when ceased the ire
Of the earthquake, whirlwind, and the fire—
 The might of the Lord went past.
A whispering, “still small voice” drew near,
And smote the prophet's aged ear:
Elijah knew the voice of God,
And hid him in his lone abode,
 While the might of the Lord went past.

No. 5.—Tabor.

Matthew, xvii.

THE glory of the Lord came down,
In floods intensely bright,
And Jesus stood on Tabor's top,
As on a throne of light.
His face outshone the noon-day sun,
His robe was white as snow—
The majesty of God revealed
In a celestial glow.

The glory of the Lord came down,
And Peter, James, and John,
Saw Moses and Elias stand
With the Incarnate One.
And lo! a voice descended there,
But answer made was none,
For he whose brightness dazzled thus,
Himself was God and Son.

No. 6.—CALVARY.

Mark, xv.

CALVARY, scene of the Saviour's last moments,
Stained with the life-blood that gushed from his side,
When, midst the terrors of nature's convulsions,
Bowing his head, he triumphantly died ;
Stand thou for ever—the altar unshaken,
Where mercy and love, in a lasting embrace,
Dispersed the night-shadows of bondage and error,
And set up the sunshine of God in its place.

Down, from the moment of Adam's transgression—
Down, from the curse of the fratricide Cain—
Hope, up to thee led the children of sorrow,
That hope shall the last of the fallen sustain.
Loud though the thunders, and vivid the lightnings,
That woke e'en the dead, when He "gave up the
ghost"—
That cry—"It is finished!" as music ascended,
And struck on the harps of the heavenly host.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

HIGH on the throne of Babylon,
In gorgeous pomp and pride,
Belshazzar sat amidst the guests
Assembled at his side.
By dainty hands, with royal taste,
The banquet had been spread,
And costly treasures, blazing round,
Their lustre on it shed.

“ Bring forth the vessels of the Lord !”
He impiously cried—
To pledge in them the idol gods
His hand had deified ;
“ What ho ! the vessels !” once again
That king was heard to call,
When lo ! with mystic characters
A finger traced the wall.

In vain the famed Chaldean's skill,—
The captive Daniel, he
Alone could make their purport known,
And utter the decree.

The stricken monarch heard the doom
Of empire, pride, and lust,
And God that night his angel sent,
And laid them in the dust.

“THOU ART THE MAN!”

KING DAVID sat on his lofty throne,
And bent his royal ear,
The prophet's voice, in a parable,
With reverence to hear ;
While Nathan told how a ruthless hand
Had laid a bosom bare,
And carried away the tender lamb
That once was sheltered there.

Uprose the king from his cushioned seat,
With stern, indignant eye,
And vowed, by the honour of his throne,
That guilty one should die ;—
But down he sank, with a stifled groan,
And features ghastly wan,
When the prophet raised his solemn voice,
And said—“Thou art the man!”





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